

Week ending Oct. 31 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's
Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

BEGINS INSIDE

The REAL Monty

... as seen by
the men who
knew him best

LEAPING PIPER: Brilliant complete story by
DAVID WALKER

What we must do about
the Silent Killer

Do you want to
write a pop song?

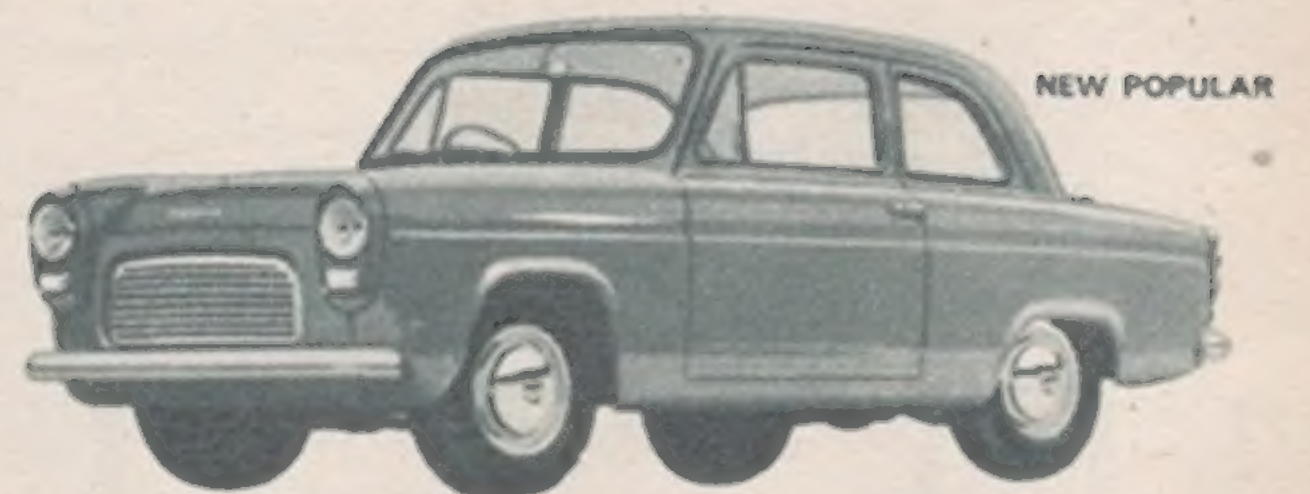




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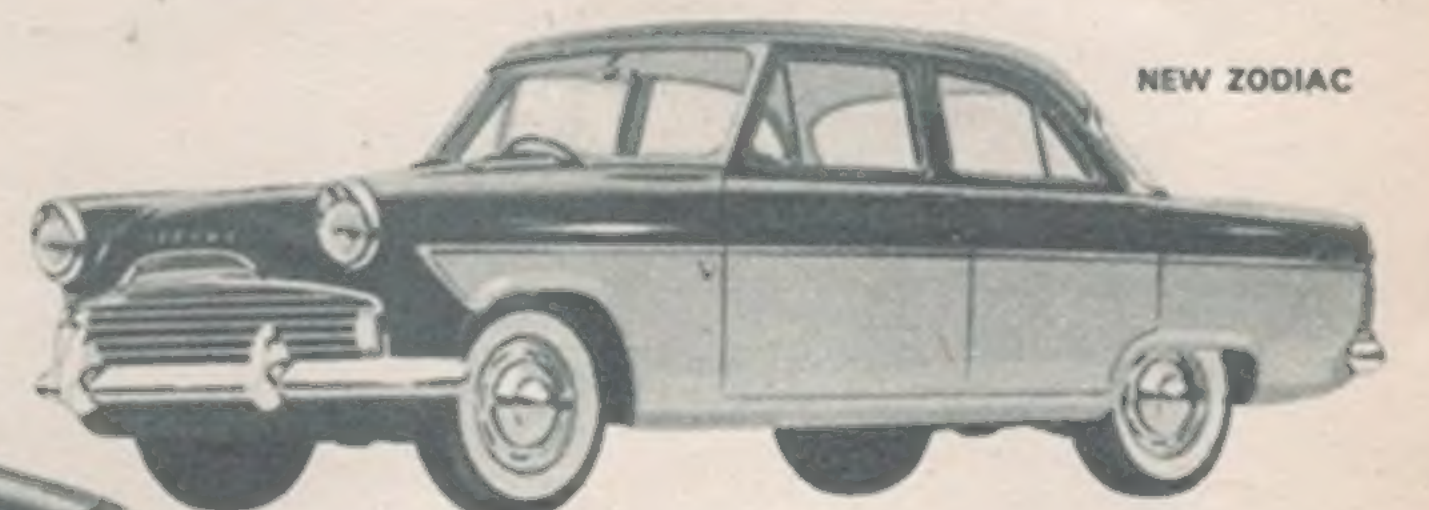
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Free Speech

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The Cover



THERE'S loyalty for you . . . a dog that sticks with you through thick, thin, sharp and flat, all the weary way from "The Bluebells of Scotland" to Schubert's "Marche Militaire." But even this is a small price to pay for a walk in the park. Just now his master is mixing his music with dreams—of a place among the first violins in the Royal Festival Hall. "It'll take a knock from next door to bring him down to earth," says artist Chittock. "Neighbours don't agree that suffering's good for the soul."

Hard Up For Heroes

IN these days of plenty we seem to be remarkably short of one commodity which was in full supply when I was a boy—heroes.

Gone are the days of the invincible heavyweight champ. Past is the glory of the victorious army general. Fading is the heyday of the great personality of politics—in Britain, at least.

Nowadays our sportsmen are merely competent entertainers. The people who hit the headlines come and go so fast that I can never remember who is who.

In my schooldays we had a multitude of heroes—footballers, racing drivers, jockeys, film stars. But my sons have no time for this sort of thing. Instead, they are devotees of mechanical heroes—jet planes, rockets, new motor cars.

What happened to the hero? Is he just out-of-date? Or are people becoming so skilled in everything that it is impossible for one man to stand head and shoulders above the rest?

It's a great pity. For me the heavyweight champ can never be replaced by an assortment of nuts and bolts—even if it does travel faster than sound.—L. HUGHES, Bangor, Carnarvonshire.

Practically Hopeless

There seem to be occasions when amateurs do a better job than professionals. The mothers of the two most spoiled and badly behaved children I know are an ex-children's nanny and an infant schoolteacher.

On the other hand, a friend who used to be a keen career woman with no domestic talents at all has become a model housewife and a mother of three delightful children.

I have heard social workers say that they can never solve their own family problems. My doctor told me that the only time he ever panicked was when he was taking his wife to the maternity hospital.—MRS. J. F., Downend, Bristol.

English To The Core

The disgraceful habit of collecting "souvenirs" from hotels and restaurants ("Free Speech," October 10) by tourists has reached such a state here in Germany that the German people refer to the habit as "English shopping." British Servicemen are the worst offenders.—S. SGT. P. G., B.F.P.O. 32.

Back To The Rod

Psychology-conscious parents are partly to blame for argumentative youngsters ("Free Speech," October 10) assuming that if they can keep it up long enough they can get their own way.

Snatching eagerly at each hand-book on child psychology as it comes hot from the press, they devour it avidly, determined to be guides and friends to their children.

Confused and bewildered by conflicting theories, and overwhelmed by a sense of guilt at the harm they may do to their offspring, they become so indecisive that a simple command is accompanied by the thought—Am I becoming too rigid?

How wise were our parents in their generation! How foolish we in ours! It will be interesting to

see what happens when our children become parents themselves.

I predict a return to the old-fashioned authoritarian attitude. Let the new schoolmaster throw away his psychological theories and become a real master.—MRS. MONICA CLARK, Fulham Palace Road, London, S.W.6.

All Change For Colour

How drab our railways are today. Those of us not so young will remember the thrill of seeing an



L.M.S. "plum" locomotive, or a "Southern mainline 'green.'"

Anyone who visits the Railway Museum at York can recapture those far-off days when there was romance in the railways. It is heartening to see that British Railways are considering a return to regional colours.—FREDERICK BIDYARD, Chobham Road, Knaphill, Surrey.

"The regions have powers to institute their own colours and some are already doing so," says the British Transport Commission.

In The Bill

Many people think the present education estimates are far too high, yet for a true comparison with prewar estimates the present totals should be divided by three.

But even taking this into account, why do the authorities include the cost of milk, cheap dinners and medical inspections in the figure?—J. W. ASHLEY, Liverpool.

"It is certainly true that these welfare services are charged to Education," says the Ministry of Education.

"However, compared to the total education bill of £630 million (for the year ending March, 1958), the costs of milk (£11½ million), school meals (£4 million) and school health (£10 million) are fairly small and do not make a great difference to the total amount.

"If they were transferred to another ministry, the administrative costs would be increased."

Hot—But Not Dry

My sister and I spent a holiday in Cyprus. On our way we called at Marseilles, Genoa, Alexandria and Athens. These are all extremely hot places, where there is no need to ask, "Will it be a hot summer?"

In Marseilles and Genoa the streets are literally swilled every morning by pipes similar to our fire hydrants, turned on for hours at high pressure.

In the other towns we found that water was used extravagantly.

In Cyprus it has not rained for more than a year, yet there is plenty of water for everyone's use.

Why is it that after a comparatively short period without rain

there is a water shortage, while these places have so much?—Miss C. PANTELIS, Downham Crescent, Prestwich, Lancs.

"The simple explanation is that in countries which expect to be without rain for long periods adequate storage for water supplies is provided," says a spokesman of the British Waterworks Association.

"In Cyprus, for instance, new storage facilities have just been laid by the British Government. In general, we think that Britain's present storage system is adequate."

One, Two, Three . . .

One of the things which could be said against modern schooling is the method of teaching multiplication tables. Despite the advent of electronic brains, a knowledge of the tables is still a necessity for most people.

After five years of school, my eldest child knew only the first four tables, so we suggested that he tried my mother's way of learning them.

Sixty years ago in her time classes began with children singing the tables, and after a few days of this



our boy is learning them thoroughly. Perhaps the revival of a few more of these out-of-date methods would improve the standard of education.—J. W., Goole, Yorks.

Human Buffer

I am the "in-between age." I have to make allowances for my daughter who is twenty, because "she is only young once." Then I have to bear with my mother, who "is getting on." I feel like a human buffer. How can I break out?—MRS. M. H., Pontypool, Mon.

A Bitter Bargain

A man I know has just bought an almost brand-new car for £1. Hearing that a woman had a good ear for sale cheaply, he called to see it and was staggered to hear the price asked. Calling in the local policeman as a witness, he completed the purchase—in a rather suspicious frame of mind.

The woman later explained that her husband had run away with his secretary. He had written home with orders to send all his belongings, and to sell his car and forward the proceeds. In this way his wife showed her disapproval.—MRS. FRANCES HODGKINSON, Stevington, Bedford.

Money Or Brains

Boys leaving school must decide whether they want the satisfaction of possessing qualifications or whether their main objective in life is to make a mint of money.

Education is no guarantee of security. In my firm the majority of highly paid men are from the elementary schools. They came up

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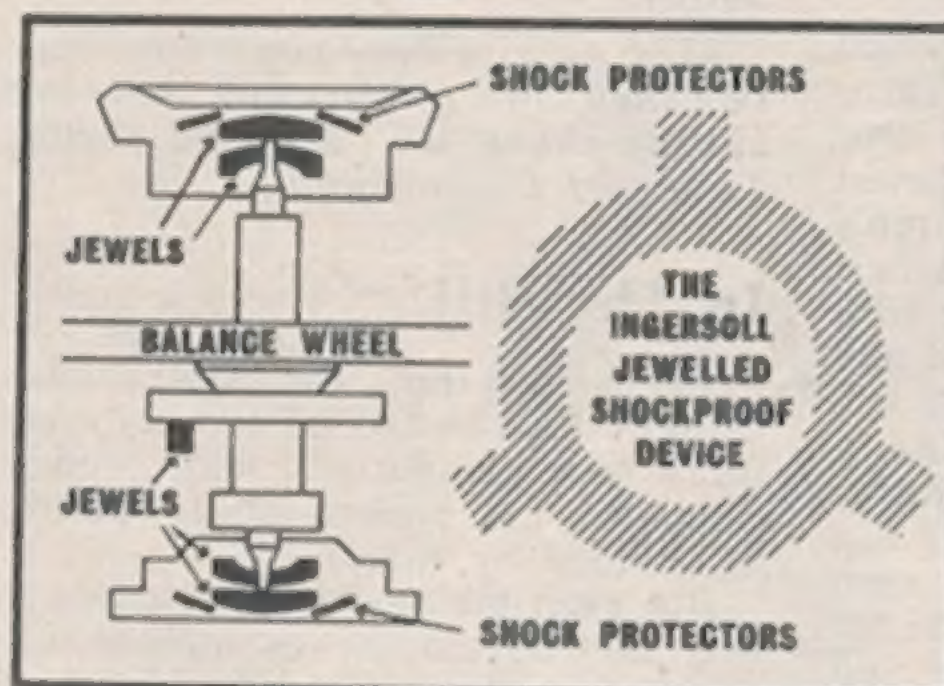
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Free Speech

continued from page 3

the hard way, succeeding on the strength of personality and shrewdness.

Schools do not emphasize enough the need for students to cultivate personality and drive.—LESLIE HOLT, Downham Crescent, Prestwich, Manchester.

That Costly Walk

Nowadays it does not pay to walk a mile to save bus fares. I find that if my children walk a mile to school their shoes need repairing every four weeks, but if they travel by bus they last twice that time.

With soling and heeling costing 11s. 6d. for the shoes of an eleven-year-old, it certainly does not pay me to let the children walk.—MRS. E. A. HARRIS, Dixon Lane, Leeds, 12.

The Picture's Wrong

I heartily endorse the feelings of the reader who wrote about the tendency to depict all Lancastrians as dopes ("Free Speech," October 10). May I make a plea for two other greatly caricatured characters—the village policeman and postmistress?

The former is always shown as slightly slow and simple, with a broad country accent, usually fat and perspiring. The latter is invariably made out to be a nosy, interfering busybody who knows the affairs of the entire village and is the centre of a hotbed of gossip.

My own experience of the village policeman is of a highly intelligent, helpful person, and as a village postmistress myself I am shocked by the way we are portrayed in books and plays.—MRS. JOYCE BADHAM, Spelsbury, Oxford.

Doubly Frank

In many countries the postal authorities have a system whereby each letter is postmarked twice—once in the office of posting and again in

the office of delivery, usually on the back of the letter. This method enables one to know how long a letter took to be delivered.—M. R. JAIN, Arkley Court, London, E.17.

"At present we are trying to cut down the number of stages each letter goes through," says the post office. "This suggestion would seem to involve a completely new process—to very little advantage."

Perpetually Reversed

Can anyone explain why I am what my friends describe as "back-handed"? I have to clean my rooms from right to left.

I turn night into day by being most energetic and alert in the small hours. I even have an urge to write backwards. Yet I am not left-handed.—MRS. CONSTANCE GREEN, Woodhead Way, Bidborough, Tunbridge Wells.

"Writing backwards is common among children," says a psychologist. "It is connected with the question of which eye is dominant. If your left eye is dominant, for instance, you will probably be left-handed. Mrs. Green may have a dominant left eye and this might lead to conflict with her right-handedness."

"On the other hand, an obsession with routine can denote some hidden worry."

Franklin Speaking

A reader wonders if some people's judgment wobbles when they reach forty ("Free Speech," October 10).

According to that great philosopher Benjamin Franklin, "At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; at forty, the judgment." Employers who consider a man too old at forty should bear these words in mind. There must be quite a number of jobs in which sound judgment is a valuable asset.—MRS. M. S., Southend, Essex.

Begins in John Bull NEXT WEEK



Into the Mellanbys' home comes a handsome stranger, destined to enmesh them in a web of horror and fear. What did he want of them? What was his macabre secret?

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These were dangerous waters, but McVitie was the sort of man who had to jump in with both feet . . .

LEAPING PIPER

CORPORAL JOCK MCVITIE stepped down from the bus and collected his baggage. He was home again. He looked round at the grey houses, at the kirk and the loch, and at the Culver Arms. That gave him a notion, so he shouldered the kitbag and carried the box across the square to the public bar.

First he had a dram on the house with old Angus, and then old Angus had a dram with him. Old Angus brought him up to date on all the affairs of Glenculver—except the one affair that mattered to the piper.

Outside again, he swelled his lungs with the air of home. He carried his bag and his pipes in the case, and he went through big iron gates and along the avenue between beeches, not so care-free in his mind as a champion piper and dancer and caber tosser of twenty-six years should be at a home-coming.

A car came up behind him. "Welcome home, Jock," said Lady Jean.

He shook hands with the old laird's widowed wife. "Hop in," she said, and in he hopped. "How's everything?" she asked.

"So, so," he said.

"How was Alistair when you left Berlin?"

"Mr. Alistair was fine. He said for me to send his love to Lady Jean, and he hoped she wouldn't be fading away."

"Not so, alas." They came to a pothole and went down hard. "The springs never do that when I'm alone," she said. "It takes you or Constable McKillop."

She glanced round at the piper, but he did not smile about his size. He made a tight squeeze with Lady Jean, and he would make a tighter squeeze with the constable just mentioned, but that name was no music to his ears.

"The games are tomorrow," she said.

"So old Angus was saying," the piper said politely. But he, a champion in three arts, was not interested in the Glenculver Highland Games.

"I do hope you win," she said.

"I've no mind to compete."

"Not even in the caber? Oh but, Jock, you must! You can't let that policeman monster win."

Jock did not reply. To compete in the caber would involve proximity to that policeman monster, a man the piper did not love.

"You don't seem very happy, Jock," she said. "No trouble, I hope?"

He shook his head. He had been in no trouble lately, not to speak of.

His company commander, Mr. Alistair—who was the son of Lady Jean, and his own companion since childhood days—said: "Have a good leave, Jock, but don't forget what happened last time."

The car rattled to a halt before the great grey pile of Glenculver House. They disembarked. "I saw Bella this morning," said Lady Jean, as casual as if it was some stranger Bella that she had seen this morning, not Bella McLean, the piper's anguish and his dream.

An opening at last to put the question. "How did she seem?" he asked with a croak.

"She seemed to be talking to the Law," said Lady Jean, and she went up the Big House steps and turned at the top and looked back. "Go to

it, Jock," she said. "Don't be a softie. Use shock tactics."

A dark bewitching cloud, no bigger than a woman's slender hand, closed off the beauty of the day from Jock McVitie. He made for his father's cottage in the woods. *It's queer*, he thought without modesty, *that every lassie a chap should meet, in Scotland, England, Germany, Japan; that every one the daft craters. . . . Except just one, the only one.* She had not answered his letters for a year, and then she wrote: "Dear Jock, I'm going steady with Constable McKillop. Yours truly, Bella."

The piper growled as he followed the woodland path for home. There, he got a great welcome from Dad and Mum. He changed from his uniform, and did full justice to his supper. Then he said: "I'll take a wee dander to myself."

"The laddie looks fine," his father said as the door closed behind him. "And his weight'll be up to twenty stone, I'll bet. Not too cheery, though, Maggie, eh?"

"It's yon Bella, Jim. Here's her not worth a hair of our Jock's braw head, and hoity-toity, taken up wi' yon stuck-up policeman. A skelping's what she needs, yon lassie."

THE piper's wee dander to himself was in fact a wee dander to seek yon lassie. Unseen, he approached the whitewashed cottage by the road, where Bella lived with her father, the shepherd. *Shock tactics*, said Lady Jean. The piper sweated in his lair. He waited now. If he could catch one glimpse of his angel first. . . .

It was then that the piper spied a man's cycle propped against the fence. Whose would that be? Whose so-called duties took him. . . .

The suspicion was soon confirmed. From the shadows among rhododendrons came voices—a deep one, a light one, a ticklish giggle; then two people. They moved to stand in a sheltered nook, hidden from all except the piper, and the piper was not thirty yards away.

"I'll need to be going about my rounds," said the big policeman with the raven-haired armful in his arms. He kissed her and she kissed him back, and, tall lassie though she was, she tucked her head below the tall policeman's chin and pressed herself close to him, saying frankly: "I like fine to feel your braw policeman's buttons all against me up and down." She moved away and said: "Ta-ta for now. I've to give the hens a last wee bite."

"At the brig," the monster rumbled, "at gloaming time tomorrow, Bella, eh?"

"Och ay," she said. "Mind you win the caber, Lachy, now."

"I'll win," he said, straightening his tunic and patting his chest; six foot three if he stood an inch. "There's nowt but wee fellas up against me."

"Man, you're braw," she said.

Constable Lachlan McKillop mounted and rode ponderously up the glen. Bella McLean went humming to the house. The piper, lightfooted as only a dancer can be, sprang from his hiding

place and ran. He took station in the lee of the henhouse. The piper seethed. For three long years he had dreamed of her. For three long years every soft daft lassie had been a poor stop-gap imitation Bella.

She came. He sprang. She screamed a muffled scream and dropped her pail. The piper had taken her from behind, his arms below hers, his hands a mask for her eyes and mouth. She struggled, did the tall strong raven-headed lassie, but the piper held her with his mighty strength and, standing on tiptoe in his brogues, he kissed the hollow of her neck.

"Guess who?" squeaked the piper in a put-on voice. His fears had vanished. The piper felt just grand, all her loveliness enslaved by him. He moved his palms to allow her to speak.

"Murrderer! Beast! Let me go!" she panted. "It's no murrder's in my mind the now," he squeaked. "Guess who?"

"It's a wee man, I can tell," she said. "It's a wee Tom Thumb." Then her bosom ceased its captive storm against his arms, and she murmured, quietly and gently: "You dirty wee Jock McVitie. You take your stinking hands off me."

The piper's hands were clean, and his good clean heart was smitten by this murmured hate. He dropped his hands from her. Then, fast as a Highland dancer spins, she spun on him, and quick, quick as a double-cuffing tigress, Bella boxed the piper's ears.

He did not nurse his flaming face. He stared at her and she glared at him, her dark eyes black with wrath, her cheeks as pink as the pinkest rose. She was so beautiful, and she was taller than the piper by an inch, or barely two. He stared up at her, engulfed by all love's pain and sadness.

"What for did you do that?" he asked her humbly. "It wasn't any harm I meant."

"It wasn't any harm you meant. Scarin' my wits clean out. . . ."

The piper was offended. The slow stout gander of his temper began to stir. "I saw you," he accused her. "I heard ye say about yon dopey, bobby's buttons."

Her bonny cheeks, so pink, grew crimson as a peony. *Oh, what have I said?* the piper thought. His slow-mounting temper plummeted to remorse. "I . . ." he began to apologize.

"He's not a dopey bobby," Bella cried, arms akimbo, stamping foot. "He's a decent soul and steady, is Constable McKillop. He doesn't get drunk and fight and. . . ."

BELLA MCLEAN was lost for words but not for meaning. The piper knew she referred to his small mistake three years ago when he and the boys had a celebration, and one thing led to a number of things, and in the end to the quarrel with his Bella. But surely there were easier loves than to love a policeman who longs to lay charges in country places, and yet while on duty, the hypocrite, stops to embrace the shepherd's daughter. . . .

"What was yon you said?" inquired the piper. "I said he's to be my man," said Bella, softly.

"Yon stuck-up lump!" The piper saw his lassie through a reddish glow. "Yon. . . ."

"And as for you, you drunken muscle-bound wee lustful bull," she sobbed, and rushed from

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI



Leaping piper

continued from page 6

him; her hens forgotten. The hungry hens stampeded, squawking.

The piper stumbled homeward in the gloaming. *I'll teach her to call me drunken, muscle-bound, wee, lustful and a bull. I'll beat him, he thought. I'll sweep the board.*

Sure enough, next day the piper swept the board at Glenculver Games. He piped the winning pibroch and the winning march. It was a miracle to hear his music. He danced the winning sword dance and the winning *shìun triubhas*. It was a miracle to see the lightness of that square girt man.

And then the caber, a great tree trunk that all competitors, including Constable McKillop, had failed to toss.

Jock spread his stalwart pins. He stooped. He grasped the caber and he heaved. Twenty stone of bone and muscle in a man who did not quite touch five foot seven. He did not have too far to raise it, and he raised it, but he thought: *Too big. I'll never toss it.*

"Come away then, Jock!" the good folk cried. *You drunken muscle-bound wee lustful bull, she had called him.*

"I'll show you," the piper grunted now, and he took one pace, another, faster, faster, judge it, toss it: up, over, and down the other end, a moment when a man could not be sure, and then the caber toppled and it fell straight on away from him, and all the good folk gasped, and then they cheered the hero of the glen.

Five times a winner, sweep the board. Yet how hollow were these victories, for Bella only tossed her head and turned her back on him.

If I can't beat him, thought the piper bitterly. I'll teach him.

Later in the gloaming when the blush was fading on the hills, when it was not quite lighting-up time, Corporal Piper Jock McVitie lurked beside the brig. He saw her come. She

coasted down the hill, and she was singing to an old old "Charlie is my Darling" tune. She sang: "Oh, Lachy is my darling, my own dear bobbie dear."

The piper let her pass. Then, quick as a hunting cat, he crossed the road and took one turn around the tree and waited. Constable McKillop came trundling down the hill. He never saw that snare, that thin strong fence wire stretched across the road from tree to tree to catch the middle of his wheel. The constable took flight, not unlike a well-tossed caber. Both man and mount flew up and over and into the best salmon pool, the Brig Pool, of the River Culver.

Amid the horror-stricken screams of Bella, amid the grampus puffs and splashes, the piper removed the evidence and himself.

He ran half a mile upstream, and stopped to listen, hardly out of breath. There was no sound. He laughed, but only the oyster-catchers flying, crying down the river, heard him laugh. He walked again and laughed no more, another hollow victory within defeat. The piper alone with his jealousy beside the river. . . .

Here now was Piper's Rock, a crag, a needled pinnacle above the black deep torrent. It was a challenge to the piper in the darkness of his mood. Now, as night was falling, he did a thing that no one else in all the Glen could do, unroped, in daylight. The piper shinned up Piper's Rock by toe-hold, eyelid, finger cranny, to sit alone, to brood upon the old sad legend of that rock. Once, long ago, a piper loved a lass, and she was faithless to him, and the broken-hearted piper climbed that rock, pipes slung about his back, and then he played a last lament, and then he plunged down fifty feet to death by drowning in the Piper's Gorge. . . .

What was that? It was a light beside the river on the path the piper had

just followed. A deep bass voice, a musical contralto.

"... The wire-mark round yon trees—a wee man's shoe in mud—it isn't evidence enough." Policeman's musings, damp scuff of wet policeman's clothes.

"Confront him, Lachy then. Say: 'Account for your movements last night in the gloaming.'"

"The truth's not in him. He's a liar through and through."

"Ay, he's a liar from his heid down through his thick wee neck right to his sporrán. He has a dirty hot temper, Lachy thought. You could provoke him."

THE light went bobbing down the river, and the voices faded. The jealous piper climbed down from his perch, and he went home to toss and turn all night. . . .

His mother's voice: "Yon stuck-up pollisman is at the door to see you Jock."

"Fine warm mornin', officer," he said. "A grand day for a swim." He watched the notebook and the pencil poised.

"Account for your movements last night between the hours of nine and twelve, McVitie."

"Were you on duty then yourself?" the piper asked, linking his twitching hands behind him.

"I was. Answer my question and mind your business."

"It's my business that I'm minding," said the piper. "It's the business of every law-abiding man what the law does cuddlin' in the hedges and the ditches when the law's on duty. Ask the chief constable."

A dark flush suffused McKillop's face. His lantern jaw hung down. "I'm warning you," he said, and left.

The piper had won again within defeat. The fair month of July went limping through. The piper lost appetite and thirty pounds that he could ill afford, for all his barrel frame was bone and muscle. His look grew hungry, if not lean.

Tomorrow, he must catch the bus, and catch the train to London Town, and

catch the plane to West Berlin where Ilse, Grettel and Maria were pale substitutes for Bella. Just now, just once again, he had tried to speak to her, had knocked, knowing Dad the shepherd to be on the hill. But when, desperate, the piper had wedged his foot inside the door, she had poked his shin most painfully with the handle of her broom.

And now the piper strode by ancient beeches to the Culver Arms. "Okay," he muttered. "Well okay, I'll show you." He had been teetotal all this month, that virtue might win back his Bella's love.

"To hell wi' it," he growled beneath the ancient trees, and had not seen that Lady Jean approached.

"You go tomorrow?" barked that lady.

"Ay," he said.

"I told you, Jock," she said. "I told you shock tactics were the only hope. But all you do is moan and mope and groan 'To hell wi' it,' you great big softie. Where are your guts, boy?" But at least she did not call him wee.

He had two double drams with Angus at the Culver Arms, made another purchase and went home. The capacity of pipers is well known, and his was famous. On the way he had an inspiration. He went to Lady Jean.

"... if Lady Jean would chance to take a wee dander to herself at gloaming time from Piper's Rock down to the Brig. They're meeting at the Brig the night, I heard them say it." Then the piper dropped his voice. . . .

She laughed her hearty laugh, and then she said: "Jock, do be careful."

The sun was setting as he took a short-cut across the moor. The gaunt lines of Piper's Rock were silhouetted in the west. Time was short, and the piper went to work.

"Oh!" said Lady Jean, arriving. "So you did jig one, you devil, Jock. What would your father say to that?"

"Plenty," he said. His father, the keeper would be outraged. It was a serious offence, even if the old Laird's wife was in cahoots with him, to jig her salmon. *Ten pounds*, he judged, and knocked the salmon on the head and laid it, still quivering, beside the path.

"You will be careful, won't you, Jock?"

"Ay," he said shortly. He watched her go downriver; then he put an item in his sporrán pocket, suitably capacious; then he slung another bundle on his back; then he scaled the pinnacle, sure-footed.

ON the top, he rested. The level of the Highland Cream dropped in the bottle. The level of the piper's spirits rose. He sang a song or two, and watched the sunset with a poet's kindled eye. He heard the plod of heavy boots, a light-shod skimpier-scamper too.

"Poacher, poacher," the constable was muttering. "Saw a man beside the rock, she said." He cast about like a clumsy hound for poaching evidence.

"Here Lachy, are you blind?" She had found the fish. In a moment now, she also found the tool—a specially constructed gaff.

"Too late. Aye too late, the same old story. What for would he leave the salmon, though?" Glenculver's giant sleuth was baffled.

"We surprised him's why, you silly man." Now Bella sounded vexed, the wild-cat bezzom, thought the piper, and the piper thought that, if the dull-witted constable won Bella McLean to be his bride, the bride would be the one to wear the trews. *It's a strong firm hand she's needing*, thought the piper.

With this not unpleasing thought, the piper took another slug and put the half bottle in his sporrán pocket, blew mightily to fill his bag. He spanked it once, and then, the drones in perfect tune, he played that old lament, the very one another broken-hearted piper played once long ago before he killed himself.

The piper played his pibroch through. The sad wild echoes died about the

A SAILORMAN IN LONDON

You know those old figger'eads off sailin' vessels.

Well, down there by Vauxhall Bridge not long ago,

I saw in a dealer's yard nigh on a dozen there,

Ol'-fashioned figger'eads, all in a row.

There was soldiers an' sailors, an' mermaids an' dolphins

That once was so gay in their paint an' their gold.

They've sailed the world over, in all sorts o' weather,

An' put back to port again, worn out an' old.

The salt 'ad got into their timber an' cracked it.

The sun peeled their paint an' their gold, long ago,

The fog an' the smoke 'ere, they finished 'em off,

An' they stand there by Vauxhall Bridge all in a row.

If I were a figger'ead, I wouldn't stand it.

I'd wait for a dark night, the tide runnin' free.

I'd roll myself over, an' into the water

An' off wi' the river, away back to sea.

An' maybe I'd fetch up on some sunny island

Or get water-logged till I sank down below.

But wherever I was, I'd be far better off there

Than stuck down by Vauxhall Bridge all in a row.

MARTYN HERBERT

continued on page 30



This is what dirty air can do to stone—and its effect on the lungs of our city dwellers is one of the biggest single causes of bronchitis

ONE of my patients comes to me so regularly that he has his favourite chair in my waiting-room. "It's the old wheeze again, Doctor," he says deprecatingly as he enters the surgery. In winter, I can always reckon on having to visit him. He is not yet fifty, but he loses weeks from work, is always short of breath and is unlikely to make old bones. He is a victim of chronic bronchitis—one of many thousands.

Bronchitis is a killer disease. Yet it is usually avoidable. Unfortunately we tend to overlook it because of its very familiarity. Like the victims of road accidents, the chesty are always with us. And so we fail to take the steps which would save thousands of lives and prevent incalculable misery.

In 1957 alone, bronchitis caused almost 30,000 deaths. This was six times the number caused by tuberculosis and more than half as many again as those caused by lung cancer. Bronchitis kills one in nine of all the people who die aged forty-five and over.

The English disease

Other countries look on our bronchitis figures with horror. In deaths from bronchitis, England and Wales lead the world, with Northern Ireland and Scotland only a little way behind. In Scandinavia, which has only one-twentieth of our death-rate from bronchitis, they call it "the English disease."

Apart from the misery, the cost to the country is enormous. One in ten of all sickness claims is due to bronchitis. Every year it causes the loss of 30 million working days—equivalent to all the time lost in strikes for the last eleven years.

A few years ago Dr. Donald Reid, an expert on epidemics, tried to find out why some people get bronchitis and others don't. He knew that bronchitis chiefly attacks working-class males in industrial areas and that researchers had put the blame on air-pollution, over-crowding and unhealthy factories.

Dr. Reid decided to isolate the effect of fog. He examined the health records of postmen in various parts of the country who all had similar working conditions and standards of living.

The results were startling. The rate of bronchitis rose directly with the amount of the fog and those working in the areas with the least pollution had less than a third of the bronchitis and pneumonia suffered by those working in the most heavily polluted places.

But there was something still more significant. In each area, Reid compared the amount of bronchitis and pneumonia among postmen with the amount among post office clerks.

In the areas with least fog, there was little difference. But in the heavily polluted areas, postmen were three times as likely to get bronchitis or pneumonia as the men who worked inside.

In the worst polluted areas, more than one bronchitic in ten died while still in the service. Almost half of those who lived to retire died within six years.

Pollution does not merely affect people over a long period. A bad fog—especially when mixed with smoke to make what we now call smog—massacres the chesty. In the week of the great London smog of December, 1952, bronchitis deaths in the County of London alone jumped from 121 to 872. In the extremely foggy month of January, 1956, there were a thousand additional deaths in the Greater London area. Most of them were from bronchitis.

Yet we are doing very little to eliminate smog. Up to July 31 last, only thirty-nine smokeless zones had been established in Britain, covering a mere 4,073 acres. In another thirty-three

areas the emission of smoke was controlled but not banned.

The Clean Air Act of 1956, under which the smokeless zones have been established, was a step in the right direction. Every month a few more smokeless zones are created. But the Act referred only to grit, black smoke and dust. It is unpleasant to breathe in soot and to get grit in your eyes, but neither is lethal. The invisible sulphur compounds are the killing element. They were not banned by the Act because nobody had found a reasonably cheap way of eliminating them.

It can be done

At the moment, the Battersea power station, using thirty-five tons of Thames water for every ton of coal burned, washes its gases before discharging them into the air and removes eighty-five per cent of the sulphur. So does the new Bankside power station.

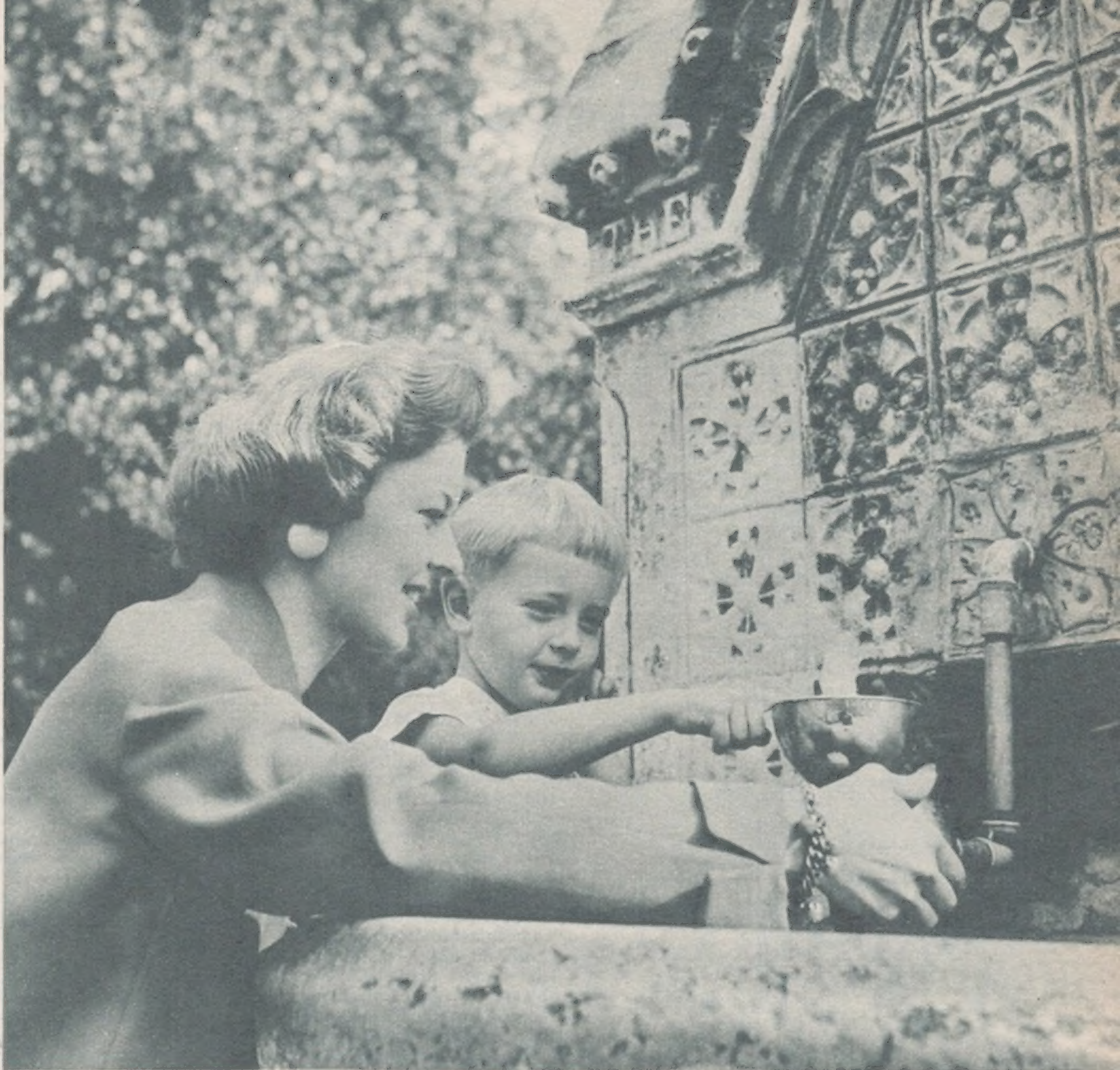
But these two are almost alone in their glory. The cost is considerable and does not result in any marketable product. A new process now being tested in a power station in Nottinghamshire washes the gases with ammonia and produces saleable ammonium sulphate. But can we be sure that it is being developed as fast as possible?

Smog is not the only cause of bronchitis. Sometimes the disease runs in families, and it may be allergic. Often it is associated with asthma, and children may get it following whooping cough. One researcher who investigated a hundred cases found that seventy-seven of them had been troubled with a

We must do something about BRITAIN'S INVISIBLE KILLER

by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

A new discovery brings hope of good health to thousands who suffer from bronchitis. But do we spend enough to beat the menace we'd like to forget?



Britain's invisible killer

continued from previous page

cough for an average of fourteen years before bronchitis was discovered.

The principal germs involved are *H. influenzae*, at one time thought to be the cause of influenza, and the pneumococcus, one of the germs causing pneumonia. Both of these are present in the thick yellow stuff that makes bronchitis wheeze and cough and struggle for breath.

Some research has been done to try to find a vaccine which would immunize people against these two germs. So far, results are doubtful. But, surely, here is a case for an intensive research programme on the scale which produced the polio vaccine.

After all, there are only two hundred deaths a year from polio against 30,000

from bronchitis. Have we lost our sense of proportion?

Until recently doctors have had few weapons with which to attack chronic bronchitis. In bad cases, they could kill the germs with aureomycin, but sixteen capsules, two days' treatment, cost 48s. 3d. Other useful antibiotics are equally expensive.

Any doctor who ran up his drug bill by freely prescribing them would stand a good chance of being fined up to £100 for over-prescribing. So our patients tend to go on swallowing bottles of useless cough mixture.

Now, however, a new remedy has appeared.

It has long been known that a substance called chymotrypsin would break

up the sputum clogging the lungs. The difficulty was to get it to the minute air passages where the blockage is most severe.

Recently a pharmaceutical firm discovered a way by which a preparation of chymotrypsin—combined with another substance called isoprenaline, which widens the air passages—could be broken up into minute particles, all small enough to get into these tiny passages. It has also devised an applicator with which the patient can blow this dust—only twice as thick as tobacco smoke—into his lungs.

This firm claims that two or three self-administered treatments a day not only clear the bronchitic's chest and give him relief from appalling coughing bouts. They also enable the natural processes of the body to take over, kill the germs and help repair the damage already caused to the lungs. A day's treatment costs only a few shillings.

In a recent trial, organized by the

drug firm, sixty doctors in seven major industrial areas tried this preparation, together with an additional preparation of isoprenaline, on 206 patients for six weeks.

No less than 146 showed a definite improvement. Five became worse, and nineteen showed no change. For various reasons it was not possible to draw any conclusions about the rest.

Although it is much too soon to make a final assessment, it may be that this new preparation could revolutionize the treatment of chronic bronchitis.

One of the biggest problems that faces every family doctor is that of the chesty child. One of my patients, a nine-year-old girl, is a typical example. Her trouble started after an attack of whooping-cough. If we had been able to get her away to the seaside for at least six months it might never have developed. But she spent the winter at the smoky family fireside with her aunt, who periodically coughed all over the place. Every time she catches a cold, she "gets it on her chest" and is in bed for a week. She is missing a lot of school, is always in danger of developing pneumonia and will almost certainly be a chronic bronchitic unless I can cure her.

Fortunately, I think I can do so. I have had her chest X-rayed to exclude T.B. and have started her on breathing exercises. She rather enjoys raising her upper ribs, expanding her chest sideways and breathing right out with the use of her tummy so as not to leave a stagnant pool at the bottom of her chest.

She has also had her adenoids out and is being treated to get rid of a germ we have isolated. Meanwhile, I have at last convinced her mother that she must have her own room and have the window open always unless there is fog. My greatest triumph of all is to get the aunt out of the house.

Some time ago two doctors, Neville Oswald and Victor Medvei, questioned 5,844 clerical workers in the Treasury and the Ministry of Supply about their health and habits. The results were striking.

About 48 per cent of the smokers were mildly chesty, but only 38 per cent of the non-smokers. Bronchitis has developed in 15.9 per cent of the smokers, but in only 9.4 per cent of the non-smokers. Women, who worked under the same conditions as men, were just as likely to get bronchitis according to whether or not they smoked and, like the men, they were more likely to get it as they grew older.

Danger in smoking

From these findings, Oswald and Medvei suggested that when men and women work together in a similar environment the men are more likely to get bronchitis because they smoke more.

Again, the government has been singularly unhelpful. Perhaps because of the £712 million a year it gets from taxes on tobacco, it has done almost nothing to persuade people to give up a habit which is also associated with lung cancer and several other diseases.

Bad housing is another cause of bronchitis. We go on building houses without proper heat insulation, ventilation or background heating.

There are signs, here and there, that local authorities are willing to give prevention priority. But even when the will exists, action is too often thwarted by lack of support from above. The Manchester Regional Hospital Board wanted to build a 516-bed hospital on land partly owned by Manchester Corporation. It planned to heat the hospital with solid smokeless fuel which would, however, pollute the atmosphere with deadly sulphur compounds.

Manchester Corporation was not satisfied. It said it would not lease the land unless gas or electricity was used for heating. The hospital board then decided to build a smaller, 360-bed hospital on land at Wythenshawe already owned by the Ministry. Derek Walker-Smith, the Minister of Health, raised no objection to the inevitable air pollution.

While that attitude prevails, we cannot hope to cut down those 30,000 deaths a year from bronchitis. THE END

In Reply To Your Advertisement . . .

I should like to apply for the job of driving-test examiner. I am a well-qualified and experienced car driver, having driven regularly at weekends for nearly three years with only one trifling mishap. I am also able to drive electric milk-floats, motor-mowers and power-assisted ice-cream tricycles.

I think that I may claim to have something of a flair for spotting driving errors. I often notice other drivers hogging the road when I wish to overtake, or trying to overtake me when I have signalled to them not to do so (I have invented my own special signal to convey this—quite unmistakable).

When traffic conditions permit I feel that it is simply my duty as a citizen to call drivers' attention to these and other lapses. I have often been asked on such occasions whether I think I am conducting a driving test.

I have more than the average man's acquaintance with traffic problems. A strip of my front garden was recently compulsorily purchased for a road-widening scheme and my wife serves regularly as a children's crossing warden.

My service some years ago as an employment exchange clerk will, I am sure, give me the necessary severe official manner. Those who know me will tell you that I am scrupulously fair—for three years running I have umpired the annual darts tournament at my local.

PATRICK GOLDRING

How To Do Almost Anything

I always make my system clear

With careful emphasis—

*"It's really very simple, Dear,
You do it just like this. . . ."*

And when, at last, I'm through explaining

The steps that she should master,

She does it her own way—attaining

The same results . . . but faster!

HAL CHADWICK

No, Like This!

"I came round to make sure you remembered it's my wife's birthday tomorrow. Why have you got all your furniture out of place?"

"I just got tired of the look of the room so I thought I'd shift things round a bit."

"Interior decorating, h'm. It's an art, you know. To begin with, what are your dominant colours?"

"Well, the curtains are red and the carpet's blue. I don't know what colour you'd call the walls."

"You have to think out a triangle of colours, based on the spectrum, then develop your colour scheme from it. The shape

of the corners suggests indoor trellised creepers. Of course, the door's in the wrong place. It distracts the eye from the window."

"Perhaps it would be more artistic not to have a door."

"The furniture should form a reversed curve round the fireplace. This is the wrong room for a piano; much too oblong. Move the piano into a squarer room, and paint it blue."

"The trouble with you is that you're too conventional: the obvious thing is to shift the walls round a bit."

"Oh, if you don't want me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS



Department Of Utter Failure

1. I'm sorry that I forgot to tell you that the top two rungs were loose.
2. I can't think why the club is always empty these days.
3. I think you'll find my head on the other snap.
4. I was looking at that woman's amazing hat, Sergeant, when it happened.
5. I want a five gallon drum of paint remover, please.
6. I thanked my neighbour for bringing me back the hammerhead, and offered to pay his medical expenses.
7. I explained as calmly as I could to the gentleman why I was in his front room, then I squeezed back into the driving seat and backed out.

ELDON CARRAN

Curious

*At our house ladies always bring
To parties almost everything
They can, by way of bags and wraps
And things they can't hold in their laps.
And not because they need them—no,
But rather so that they can go
Somewhere to leave them, safe and sound,
And get a chance to look around.*

RICHARD ARMOUR

So you want to write a POP SONG



Top song-writer Paddy Roberts goes over a score with singing sisters Anne and Jo Shelton. Anne (right) recorded his smash-hit, "Lay Down Your Arms." Once Roberts earned 2s. 6d. a day; now he pays surtax

Thousands find heartbreak in Tin Pan Alley. But luck can bring you a fortune

by PADDY ROBERTS

A FEW months ago I switched on my radio in time to hear the pleasant voice of a woman named Ann Kingsbury describe how she tried to earn money writing pop songs. After weeks of work, she made tape recordings of her first efforts and took them to a famous music publisher.

He listened attentively. At the end of the first song, he said: "Charming." At the end of the second: "Delightful." After the third: "Absolutely delightful. Now those are what I call songs. Good melodies, evocative lyrics. Nothing I'd like better than to publish some of them."

There was a pause. Then: "Couldn't

possibly do it, though. Wouldn't make a farthing."

Thirty years ago I set out to write songs which were charming, delightful, and even witty. I was so disillusioned by their reception that I became a lawyer, and, later, a long-distance flyer. Today, back in the music business, I am one of perhaps half a dozen people in this country making a full-time living writing pop songs.

I pay super-tax. I cannot afford to write "clever" pieces.

A pop writer is allowed few airs and graces. Shortly after I wrote the top record seller, "Lay Down Your Arms," I arranged to take my wife out to dinner. My son Antony, whose food, clothing and general welfare were being

paid for in good measure by the song, asked if he could have his school friend, David, in for the evening.

I promised to make myself inconspicuous between the time David arrived and our departure. I could tell that Antony, a music-lover, appreciated the gesture. "If you do get talking," he said, "I'd rather you didn't mention 'Lay Down Your Arms'."

I am amazed by the number of people who are prepared to risk the scorn of their children, and possibly their own sanity, by trying to write songs for the hit parade. At my office in London's Tin Pan Alley—Denmark Street, W.C.2—I receive about a hundred manuscripts a week from hopeful writers.

When a national newspaper ran a

song-writing contest this year, there were more than 21,000 entries.

The odds against success are depressing. Of a thousand songs sent on speculation to one London publisher last year by British writers, not one was published. Most of the published tunes were American. The few from this country were commissioned.

Denmark Street, once described as "a hundred yards of flattened hopes," has long taken a philosophical view of failure. In Tin Pan Alley's pubs, the code phrase, "I want to write a song," means, "I need to cash a cheque." The stock reply is a discreet, "How many bars?"

Once I was in a Denmark Street café with six or seven other song writers when we discovered that not one of us owned the price of our tea. We put our heads together, knocked out a song of sorts in about twenty minutes, and took it across the road to a publisher well known for his kindness. He gave us fifty shillings for the piece, and we paid our bill. He is no longer in business on his own account.

There was a time, early in my career, when I waited for inspiration before composing. I gave this up during a period when I earned 2s. 6d. a day playing a piano in Oxford Street while its owner went for a sandwich. It struck me then that it might be better to be prolific, and not too fussy.

When Jack Payne recently asked me to write a lyric to a tune his wife had composed for a new Frankie Vaughan film, I sat down in my office, opened my ideas file, uncovered the typewriter and began to hammer away. At the end of the day, I had a piece named "The Heart Of A Man." It became the title of the picture and has since been played several hundred times on radio and TV.

The technique of the pop song is strangely elusive. Three years ago an American electronic computer known as Datatron produced a melody entitled "Push Button Bertha." Datatron is reputed to be able to compose a thousand tunes an hour. So far it has not come up with a hit.

Highbrow flop

Neither have highbrow composers who have tried the pop idiom. Last year a film company asked a well-known "serious" composer to write a pop melody as a theme to the picture *A Night To Remember*. I was to do the lyric.

Many weeks and several attempts later, my highbrow colleague gave it up in disgust, and I wrote tune and lyric. The film company went one better. They used a different song altogether.

Nevertheless, my composition earned me a four-figure cheque. It happened to be recorded on the back of somebody else's best seller.

This is a sure way of making money. I have no difficulty in recalling a slight number I once wrote called "Johnny Is The Boy For Me," though I doubt if anyone else remembers it. It was put on the back of a recording of "Vaya Con Dios," which turned out to be America's biggest hit song for years.

"Johnny" sold two million copies.

The psychology of the pop song is deceptively simple. If you want to write clever songs, smart songs, ironical or original songs, you are doomed before you start. Ninety-five per cent of pop songs are about love. The only way to tackle them is to try your darnedest to be sincere.

Cynicism is not commercial. I once heard an obscure cowboy-style entertainer sing a ditty entitled "Keep Your Love." The insinuation—that there were plenty more fish in the sea—killed its chances of a future. But it gave me an idea for another song.

I wrote it round the theme phrase, "Keep Your Love—Keep It For Me." It was recorded with considerable success.

One part went:

*Now I know what perfect bliss is
Honey, you can keep your kisses—
Just for me.*

Rhyming, in the pop sense, conforms

continued on page 36

Beginning Leslie Brewer's story of the man behind the myth

The *REAL* Montgomery

The people at home admired him; politicians and rival generals attacked him. But Montgomery's true character was known only to a handful of men—the young officers who lived with him, ate with him and shared his thoughts in battle. This is the real Montgomery, as they saw him

ONLY a very small group of men really knew how Field Marshal Montgomery lived during his triumphant years from El Alamein to victory in Germany. No general had ever been more in the public eye, or better known to the troops he commanded. But no general had ever lived a more secluded private life.

When his staff car turned for home at the end of a long day of putting on a show for the troops, he vanished into a small tactical headquarters camp, Tac 35, always way up in the fighting area.

There he lived with about a dozen young captains and majors, his A.D.C.s and liaison officers. Nobody of Montgomery's own age, no senior officer of memoir-writing status, ever spent more

than an occasional night among them. And only King George VI and the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, went there uninvited.

The pattern of life in that tiny headquarters was shaped to fit Monty's needs. And the man who did the shaping in the early stages was a quietly-spoken, serious-minded Captain Kenneth ("Tut") Spooner, who had been Monty's A.D.C. in England and was the only officer to accompany him when he flew to Africa to take command of the Eighth Army.

From Spooner, the secrets of Montgomery's whims and wishes were passed on from A.D.C. to A.D.C. more or less by word of mouth. Only two weeks after Montgomery's arrival in the desert the system was put to the test.

On the night of August 31, 1942, the German commander, Rommel, put in

an attack. This was Montgomery's first desert battle, the battle of Alam Halfa. General de Guingand, his new chief of staff, hurried forward at midnight from the main headquarters to take the news to the little Tac 35 camp. The other new boys on Monty's staff agreed with de Guingand that the obvious thing to do was to wake Montgomery and tell him the news. When the more experienced Spooner advised them not to disturb Montgomery and said he thought it would keep until morning, they looked at him in amazement.

Learned their lesson

De Guingand decided to chance it, and tiptoed into Montgomery's dark caravan. The general awoke, listened to the news, said: "Excellent, couldn't be better," and turned over and went straight back to sleep. The news boys had learned their lesson.

"Tut" Spooner went over to liaison work when the desert fighting began and Montgomery began to gather around him the officers who became known as "Monty's Young Men."

Among them was Noel Chavasse, only twenty-three when he joined Monty in 1943. He was a son of the Bishop of Rochester who had been a boyhood friend of Montgomery's, but there was no nepotism in the appointment. Chavasse came to Montgomery's notice only when he won an M.C. with the Highland Division in the desert. Others of the young men say that it was Chavasse's keenness and efficiency which appealed to Monty. Also, he was the right size, barely taller than Montgomery himself.

John Poston was another of the early arrivals. He had been A.D.C. to

General Gott, the general who was to have commanded the Eighth Army, and whose death in an air crash led to Montgomery's appointment. Montgomery took him on to his staff at their first meeting, attracted, it was said, by Poston's obvious loyalty to Gott. It was a good choice. Poston was the wild man of the camp, fond of recklessly driving cars and motor cycles, frequently crashing. "A killer" was how one of the other liaison officers described him.

Poston's dash and lack of finesse made Montgomery use him as time went on more as a liaison officer than as an A.D.C., but he stayed with Montgomery right through the war, until he was killed just before VE-day.

Johnny Henderson, now a stockbroker, was the gambling man and the wit of the group. He was much given to practical jokes, and a valuable foil for the schoolboyish Montgomery who always lurked just beneath the skin of the army commander. Another member of the small circle was Bill Williams, an Oxford don, now Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford, and one of the four men responsible for the recent Devlin Report.

Montgomery had chosen Williams because he was the cleverest man he could find. He kept him near him to take charge of Intelligence and put to him, constantly, the German point of view. Together from before Alamein to the end of the war, they played a kind of military chess. Williams would put up an awkward fact, a possible line of action the Germans might follow. Back would come Monty's answer, illustrated by scribbles on the pad he always had at his side.

"I was lucky," says Williams now. "I was supposed to be the enemy. So I could always contradict him."

It was a conversation with Williams, Montgomery has admitted, which gave him the idea which played a big part in winning the battle of Alamein. Williams had pointed out that the Italians, weak



At first, Monty's friendliness puzzled his troops. But he knew how to raise their spirits, with talk of pubs, girls—and England



Monty (left) dines with some of his young A.D.C.s and liaison officers. In this James Gunn painting are (left to right): Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Dawnay, Major John Bondurant, Captain John Henderson, Captain Noel Chavasse and Lieutenant-Colonel T. Warren

in morale and fighting spirit, were "corsetted" by German formations. In the breakthrough, it might be possible to prise the corsets apart and put the weight of the attack on the Italians. This was what Montgomery did.

Williams remembers the arrival of Montgomery in the desert—"this new man with the slight yet penetrating voice, quite extraordinary self-confidence, very new shorts (still with creases in them), and the repetitions ('never, never, never') and the school-boy slang ('hitting Rommel for six') but, above all, the eyes, piercing through the strong sunlight. "It was all rather impressive, but pretty rum."

A different Monty

Montgomery had thought it was pretty rum, too. He had arrived at the headquarters of the Eighth Army for lunch on August 13, 1942, and had not been impressed. For one thing, they had failed to discipline the flies. With a look of distaste, he sat down to eat inside a kind of gigantic meat safe of mosquito netting. "During that

lunch," he has recorded, "I did some savage thinking."

Montgomery had walked into the meat safe. A very different character—Monty—emerged.

The change has been described by another member of his small staff, Dick Malone, a Canadian, who had served with Montgomery in England in 1941, and was with him in Sicily. In England, says Malone, Montgomery had been "an immaculate little martinet." But from the moment he emerged from his meat-safe lunch, Montgomery the martinet disappeared. Monty, the mascot, took his place.

This sudden change of character was first noted by two lance-corporals who happened to be sloping about in the vicinity with their shirt tails out (as was the fashion in the Eighth Army, when shirts were worn at all). One, who recognized the terror of England, hastily stuffed his shirt into his shorts. The other, not knowing his peril, did nothing but stand to attention. Montgomery smiled and acknowledged their salutes without a word.

From 2 p.m. on that day, he took

over command of the Eighth Army although his orders had been not to do so until two days later. He cancelled all existing orders about withdrawal.

He had also decided that only in an isolated camp, among a few disciplined but lively young officers, could he follow the life of quiet and strict routine that he needed.

"Whitewash, eyewash"

Out of this resolve came his system of using liaison officers as his eyes and his ears. They went everywhere along the battle-front and made it their business to see everything that was going on. Monty did not trust reports of commanders; far too often they were all "whitewash and eyewash." So he sent his young men to see for themselves. And they saw more of the war, and much more of Montgomery, than anyone else.

One of them, Major "Weasel-skin" Barham—he got his nickname because of the cheap and nasty fur collar on his leather jerkin—once came back to report and, to his surprise, smelt cigar

smoke as he climbed the steps to Montgomery's map caravan.

The Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, was sitting there with Monty, waving his cigar in acknowledgment of Barham's salute, waiting eagerly to hear all he had to say about the situation in a divisional area.

Many local commanders did not always approve of this way of getting first-hand information, but Churchill did.

Whenever he visited Montgomery he enjoyed sitting in the map caravan, listening to these young men who, "like messengers in some old heroic Greek play," kept coming in, dusty from the battlefields, to make their verbal reports. The Prime Minister wrote to Montgomery praising "this marvellous system of liaison officers whose eyes you know and whose judgment you can exactly measure."

Living rather like a stern but benevolent housemaster in camp with his prefects, Montgomery followed his unvarying routine.

The general liked to have his morning tea at 6.30 a.m. It was brought to

Does it matter what your children read?

NOT long before the recent election a friend of mine took a long train journey to London. He shared the compartment with a family, Mum and Dad, married daughter and husband, and teenaged boy and girl.

As the train pulled out of the station, Mum produced, from a copious bag, a selection of crudely-coloured comics with the minimum of reading matter. These she handed round until they had one each.

There was an occasional chuckle, or nudge, and the comics were silently exchanged until they had all read the lot. By that time the train was coming into London.

There was not a book, a newspaper or magazine between them; not even a popular picture paper. Never mind about the Summit; never mind the general election. All they wanted to do was to have their fancies tickled by the funnies.

People like this, who never read decent English, are doing without the easiest way of improving their own English. "So what?" they say. "Does it matter?"

Of course it matters. It is vitally important. If we cannot use our own language we are handicapped in our lives, our careers, our friendships.

Not to be interested in English, is not to be interested in clear thinking, or talking sense, or being yourself. How can you make other people understand what you are really like inside, or what you really believe, unless you can tell them.

"I can't explain . . ."

How I hate to hear that lame, lazy, phrase, "Oh well, I can't explain what I mean, but—you understand." Usually, I don't. What's more, when I hear that phrase, I'm not going to try. Why should I bother with someone who can't be bothered with his own language?

This indifference to the real meaning of the words we use, this inability to think straight, leaves us open to the trickery of swindlers, advertising quacks, phoney politicians and false prophets.

The time to become conscious of the significance of language is when you are young. A lot of well-meaning people kick up a fuss when they see young children reading horror comics and thrillers and cheap adventure stories. Though I shudder at the idea of older people reading them, I doubt whether they do much harm to the young. It's certainly a mistake to forbid them; that only means that they'll be read all

the more and in devious ways. To my mind there is a great danger to a child in being told that he ought to read such and such a "good" book.

What happens then? Of those children who are sufficiently anxious to please Teacher to read it at all, one or two may really like it. More of them will almost certainly not like it—let's suppose it was Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*—and they will be put off Victorian novelists for a long time, and probably for good. Others may feel disturbed because they don't like what the teacher said they ought to like.

But these are better off than those children who are so anxious to please Teacher that they persuade themselves that they did like the book. These are the children who grow up to form the vast army of cultural snobs who have no minds of their own. All they know is which books, plays and paintings are supposed to be good, and proper topics for "intellectual conversation."

Comics will do

They are as bad as supposed men of the world who don't know whether they have drunk a good glass of wine until they look at the label on the bottle.

I think that television with its dramatized series of the works of the best authors, often does a good job in introducing children to the classics.

I don't think it matters what children read to begin with, so long as it provides a regular supplement to TV. It is better to read a comic than nothing at all. If a child has any sense, he will soon grow out of reading rubbish, and if he has no sense, it doesn't matter what he reads: he'll be a fool anyway.

If you want your child to grow up with the invaluable gifts of clarity of thought and clarity of expression, take the trouble to find out the kind of book he likes, and encourage him to read the same sort of thing by a better writer.

Don't insist on his reading people like Scott and Dickens in full. There is no point in boring children with archaisms, and long-winded passages. It is better that they should be introduced to the classics through good abridged versions.

And if you buy a good book as a Christmas or birthday present for a child, or a friend, don't make a fuss about how good it is, or how much better it is than what they've been reading. You'll only put them off.

If they have any sense they'll soon be reading the best authors because there is more pleasure to be had from them.

THE END

The REAL Montgomery

continued from previous page

his caravan by his personal servant, Corporal Bill English. This early call gave Monty a quiet hour before breakfast to "arrange his mind" and think about the day's problems. He might hear a report on the overnight changes in the situation from a liaison officer, but it was clearly understood that nobody came to disturb him unless he sent for them. The A.D.C.s had strict instructions that only in the gravest crisis was his night's sleep to be disturbed.

Monty's night's sleep was sacred, not because he was determined to have it cushy although all along the front men were out on patrol; his efficiency to command and co-ordinate their battles depended upon his clarity of mind and, unless he got his nine or ten hours' sleep, he knew that he would not be at his fighting best in the morning.

On the night the battle of Alamein was to begin with one of the greatest artillery barrages in history, General Sir Oliver Leese, after being given his final orders, said to Monty: "I'm going to watch the barrage."

Monty snapped: "Well, what on earth are you going to see if you do? Have a jolly good night's rest tonight so that you are absolutely fit for the morning." And that night he went to bed with a detective story earlier than usual.

Fear of a chill

Montgomery certainly needed to look after himself carefully. His puritanism was largely practical. He had been very severely wounded in the lungs during the first World War; a late night in a smoke-heavy atmosphere was really painful to him. Because of his damaged lungs, his greatest fear was of catching a chill. He was a great benzedrine sniffer; he was always taking off, or putting on, his sweater. To keep healthy he knew he must get about ten hours' unbroken sleep.

So, after a good night's rest and a quiet hour drinking tea, shaving, and thinking about the coming day, the general would come into the little marquee at 7.45 for breakfast with his young men. However hot the desert day promised to be he always had porridge, but never bacon. Sometimes there would be honey on the table, sent to him from New Zealand by Lady Freyberg, the wife of the general commanding the New Zealanders in the Eighth Army.

It was well known that Monty would not tolerate smoking in his personal mess before or during a meal, but he did not object to anyone smoking after-breakfast cigarettes.

The A.D.C.s know of only one man who was encouraged to smoke at Monty's breakfast table. A high-ranking R.A.F. officer had dined with them and had done himself well after Montgomery had gone to bed—so well that he had had to stay in the camp overnight. Monty always seemed to know what had been going on in his absence and when the officer came into breakfast the next morning, bleary-eyed and showing all the signs of a hangover, he found that the mess waiter had put, as Monty had ordered, the port and cigars all ready in his place.

"Carry on, carry on," said Monty affably, looking up from his porridge. "I know you like the stuff. Help yourself to a glass and light up!"

After breakfast the invariable routine was to be off in the open staff car with either Poston or Henderson, swanning all over the front. From 9 a.m. until about 4 p.m. Monty was in the shop window. "You sit up front with the driver," he would say to his A.D.C. "I want the men to be able to see me."

When they came across a group of men he would stand up, sometimes on the back seat, and wave to the men to gather round.

At first the men were puzzled by this

unusual mateyness in a brasshat. Monty liked a story John Poston told him. An old sweat in the Royal Engineers had looked up from his work to see a general in a staff car looking very friendly and waving to him. He straightened his back and said to one of his mates: "Look at that daft old so-and-so! He thinks he knows me."

"I soon did," Monty used to add.

The drill soon became standardized, though Montgomery always made it seem spontaneous.

He would stand up in the car and look over the men who had gathered round, his hands on his hips, saying nothing. Then he began his act. Anyone who was ever an A.D.C. to Monty can recite the "performance." It went something like this:

"Well, who've we got here? A fine looking lot of chaps. Where do you chaps come from? Lancashire, are you?"—if he knew very well that he was among a Yorkshire regiment; he liked to start a little cat-calling and booing. "Oh, Yorkshire! I suppose you all come from Bradford." More cat-calls. By this time he would have the men calling out: "Leeds!" "Pontefract!" "Hull!" and other Yorkshire place names.

Monty would be delighted, and open his eyes wide in mock surprise, if some soldier called out the name of a place not remotely connected with Yorkshire.

"Why, here's a Yorkshireman from Cork! So you come from all over the place, then. Tell me, where do the best soldiers come from?"

That always started a terrific rumpus. He seemed to know that merely to shout out the names of English places, where rain fell and there were green trees, girls and pubs, was somehow heart-warming and tremendously satisfying to soldiers who had been in the desert too long.

Having warmed up his audience he would suddenly hold up his hands for silence. Then he would get down to business. "I've just dropped in for a look at you. Take a good look at me. You are going to see quite a bit of me, quite a bit. You and I are going to knock Rommel for six. Together we'll chase these Germans and Eyeties right out of Africa, right out."

Lunch was usually light haversack rations eaten on the roadside. If the Mediterranean was near, the general liked to picnic close to the water's edge.

During the afternoon he drank a number of cups of "compo" tea (an instant tea reconstituted, milk and all, merely by adding boiling water).

Cutting paper-work

The time between tea and dinner was always kept for staff work and for issuing orders for the following day. There was little paper-work—"bumph," Monty called it. He would either telephone or be visited by his chief of staff and some of the senior commanders he wanted to see. Usually he went to them.

"When we were going to fight a big battle," says General Leese, "he always brought his caravan up close to mine, about fifty yards away. He always said if it was more than fifty yards away it might just as well be fifty miles. He never gave me written orders. I took down the orders for every battle in pencil, sitting on a chair alone with him in his caravan."

The piece of stiff board with a pad of paper clipped to it went everywhere with Monty. A single sheet of notes a day was usually the extent of his paper work.

"The way to get any tricky paper signed," one of his officers says, "was to put it in the middle of the pile. He used to look at the top paper and at the last, but sign the lot. I know. That's how I got out of the army at the end of the war. He wasn't too keen on my going. I just slipped my papers into the middle of the pile. 'Whatever's



Monty's A.D.C.s decided to instil gaiety into entries into captured desert cities. In Sousse they arranged for two girls to stop him and ask for kisses. "It was the most embarrassing moment of my life," he says

this?' Monty asked when my movement order came. 'You signed the authorization,' I was able to say."

A simple dinner was eaten in the mess; there seemed to be plenty of chickens in the desert.

"No shop was talked," says Padre Frederick Hughes, Montgomery's chief chaplain usually a guest on Saturday nights, "but there was plenty of sparkling backchat. With a mischievous twinkle Monty would start an argument. He was a most considerate host and a wonderful companion; stimulating, lively, with a vein of astringent humour. He liked to have people around him who fed his contentment—young men. With them he was always brain-sharpening."

But whoever was in the mess—it might have been the Prime Minister well set for a late session—Monty's bedtime, half-past nine, was sacred. With a brief "Good night," he would vanish into his caravan.

Everybody who had known Montgomery was amazed at the speed and the certainty with which he had immediately set about reorganizing the Eighth Army and prepared to fight Rommel.

Montgomery wrote: "It seemed to me that to command such men demanded not only a guiding hand but also a point of focus; or to put it another way, not only a master but a mascot. And I deliberately set about fulfilling this second requirement."

Adopting that famous black beret, it has been said, was just a lucky accident. The Field Marshal, in his memoirs, tries to make out that the wearing of this unconventional headgear (which he once said was worth two divisions) was "for utilitarian reasons in the first place."

Yet, within a fortnight of his arrival at Eighth Army, Monty's A.D.C.s were surprised to see him wearing, rather self-consciously, an Australian hat—with four badges.

He was clearly experimenting with hats. He returned from a visit to the New Zealanders with one of their high, dimpled hats.

Sergeant-Major J. Fraser of Colchester converted Monty to a black beret. Fraser was driving Monty in a tank during the battle of Alam Halfa at the end of August, 1942. Monty was wearing his Australian hat and complained that it did not fit into the narrow inside of a tank.

"That was when I tossed my own black beret up to him," says Fraser. "Monty took it and wore a black beret for the rest of the war."

Montgomery was shrewd enough to realize that his new beret symbolized

the change in himself, the change he wished to make unmistakably clear to everybody.

"The beret was functional in a way a brass-hat could never have been," said Monty. "It became, if you like, my signature. It was also very comfortable."

Montgomery changed himself and, just as quickly made many changes in his staff and commanders. "Hallo," he would say, acknowledging a salute. "I have been looking at your record, Colonel, and I don't think you are the man for my staff. Goodbye."

A padre's gaffe

Even the chaplains felt the impact. Padre Hughes, now Dean of Ripon, chief padre with Monty from Alamein to the Rhine, recalls that Monty's arrival in the desert coincided with a National Day of Prayer. A senior padre preached. It seems to have been a depressing sermon: "The last occasion upon which we held a National Day of Prayer was at the time of Dunkirk. Now we face a similar crisis in our affairs. Anything may happen. . . ."

Anything may happen! It was those three words that were the padre's downfall. Monty knew exactly what was going to happen and he was determined that his troops should know, too, and share his confidence.

"This man must go!" declared Monty.

He went.

Padre Hughes was then chaplain to a division; he had had considerable experience of soldiers in the field; he had served in Syria and had been in the desert since the early days. After he had made many inquiries, Monty sent for Hughes.

"I began my long journey with the Field Marshal," Padre Hughes says, "by being ushered up the steps of his caravan, then behind Alamein. First, a pleasant easy greeting. Then a shot right in the guts. 'Padre, in your job what's the thing that matters most?'"

"I said: 'The power of the spirit, sir.'"

"Never lose sight of it, padre; the second you do, you will make a big mistake. You'll never get a chance to make another, not in this army."

"Then followed some questions about the needs of padres. They were considerable. We had to scrounge for everything—drivers, transport, the lot. I told him the morale of the padres was very low."

"Monty did more good for the chaplains in the Western Desert in two

minutes than had been done for them since the war began.

"Vehicles? He rang through to someone. Of course we ought to have them and we would, immediately. A spot of leave for some of the chaplains before the big show came off? 'Most necessary, most necessary. Pack a few of them off to Jerusalem for a jolly week!'"

Throughout the war, his A.D.C.s agree, Monty spent a good third of his working time considering people and appointments. Who was the right man? Was a man in a job that was really above his ceiling? (A favourite word.) When the right man was in the right job then Monty need worry no further.

"He demanded three things of anybody who worked for him—or, rather, continued to work for him," says Padre Hughes. "One, do you understand what I say? If you did not, it paid you to say so, though usually what he said was crystal-clear. Two, do you think you can do it? Waffle did not wash. He would listen to good counter-arguments but never to what he called 'belly-aching.' That, he used to say, was a type of indiscipline, putting forward unsound reasons for not doing what you had been told to do. Then, three, you went and did it or bust."

"His power of leadership lay in that last, making you quite prepared to bust, if necessary. You would do it for him. So compelling is a consecrated man. To fail him was like letting down the Lord."

Within two months of his arrival Monty had made a whole army feel ready to do it or bust. A new kind of general had put new heart into the Eighth Army. They were ready to attack Rommel.

The 'pin-up' enemy

For some time before the battle Monty had been studying Rommel's methods, even Rommel's photograph, very carefully. The pin-ups in his caravan were always enemy generals. Every scrap of information about the Marshal that Bill Williams could give Monty was snapped up, discussed, digested. Montgomery believed in knowing his enemy. It was a hitch in the plans, a most reprehensible one, for Rommel not to be there.

The days of the battle of Alamein, October 23 to November 4, 1942, saw no changes in the routine of Monty's camp. The greater the strain upon "Master," the more necessary was it to keep the quiet routine running smoothly. At the climax of the battle

Monty was sitting in a deck-chair, facing the sea, with his hat over his eyes. For the moment there was nothing more that could be done; he was not, in a favourite phrase of his, "dashing about like a wet hen." He was thinking.

Victory brought an unusual guest into the camp, the captured German General von Thoma. In an atmosphere that was correct, if not cordial, the general was given dinner and then taken into the map caravan. By the end of a long evening, after hundreds of questions, Montgomery had learned a great deal.

At home this "fraternization" caused quite a rumpus, which Monty's habit of talking about battles in which thousands of men had died as though they were cup matches did nothing to allay. How could he discuss the "match" over dinner with a Nazi?

This attitude was incomprehensible to Monty. A doctor, surely, is allowed a post-mortem to save, perhaps, many other lives.

On November 5, 1942, the pursuit from Alamein began. In the hours of victory the small headquarters narrowly escaped a major disaster.

As usual they were far forward and pushing on. A reconnaissance party was sent off to select a new site for Tac 35 in the Mersa Matruh area. Monty had seen a place on the map called Smuggler's Cove; that sounded "jolly."

It was. A pocket of the enemy, fighting a determined rear-guard action, were still there. Without waiting for a report to come back, eager to get on, "Master" was bowling along in the staff car with only a jeep ahead. Suddenly, from not much more than a hundred yards ahead, firing broke out.

Almost a prisoner

That night the victor of Alamein might easily have been poring over German maps in Rommel's caravan.

The reconnaissance party was captured. One of them was Richard Carver, Montgomery's step-son.

That night, when nobody knew whether Richard was dead or a prisoner, Montgomery must have been painfully reminded of the day when he had lost Richard's mother, the war widow who hated wars. It was not a happy evening in the little mess.

This grave personal loss did not, however, upset the new balance that had come back into Montgomery's life and character during the months he had been with Eighth Army.

It was—and he has said so—a supremely happy time for him. The desert (a superb sand-tray in which to fight model battles) was his and his army's. Behind him was General Alexander, giving him a free hand and everything he asked for in the way of support; politicians were far away and there were no allies to consider. Monty was monarch of all he surveyed and that meant that he was very happy.

He had, of course, great responsibilities to bear. The advance to Tripoli, everyone who was near him agrees, put him under enormous strain. It was Tripoli or bust; his supply lines from Benghazi and the Delta were being stretched and stretched. But like a gambler ("Monty was Irish. Never forget that!" says Padre Hughes) he seemed to rejoice and thrive on the tension and suspense.

Monty was happy and, for the first time for years, he was allowing warmth and affection to return to his heart. This time it was not for one person only; not exclusively, even, for the family of young men he was gathering around him. Now this taut, undemonstrative soldier suddenly seemed capable of feeling and expressing his deep affection for thousands, for all his men.

Monty loved the Eighth Army.

"Master," as his A.D.C.s knew, was not such a woman hater as people thought. He could be very charming to older women. He wrote regularly, as a public school housemaster might do, to the mothers of his A.D.C.s, though

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CAT AMONG THE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT



The small automatic

KILLER AT BAY

It was the last, desperate act of a cornered murderer whom nothing could save . . . to fire one last bullet for vengeance

THE mystery at Meadowbank, Miss Bulstrode's famous girls' school, was resolving itself rapidly. The priceless jewels belonging to the late Sheikh Ali Yusuf of Rafat had been found by a pupil, Julia Upjohn. They were now in the capable hands of the world-famous detective, Hercule Poirot.

Poirot had arrived at Meadowbank to find the killer who had been trying to steal the jewels. Three mistresses had already died in the affair; and a pupil, Princess Shaista, had vanished. . . .

Poirot had one important clue that might lead him to the killer. At the beginning of term, Julia Upjohn's mother had recognized someone walking in the school grounds—someone she had known during her wartime service in Intelligence; someone who, on past record, might be the odd one out at Meadowbank—the cat among the pigeons. . . .

Mrs. Upjohn was now travelling in Turkey. Frantic efforts were being made to get in touch with her . . . while Poirot continued his investigation at Meadowbank.

FINAL INSTALMENT

IN one of the smaller classrooms Hercule Poirot looked at the assembled people. Miss Bulstrode was there with her three assistant mistresses, Miss Chadwick, Miss Johnson and Miss Rich. Her secretary, Ann Shapland, sat with her pad and pencil. Beside Miss Bulstrode sat Inspector Kelsey, and the young special branch man, Adam Goodman, was there, too.

Poirot rose. "This has been a difficult and anxious time for you all," he said. "I want you to know first that I do appreciate that. You have suffered the loss of three of your colleagues, Miss Vansittart, Miss Springer and Mademoiselle Blanche.

"You must also have suffered a good deal of apprehension yourselves, for it must have seemed as though there were a kind of vendetta aimed against the mistresses. There have been three murders—and also a kidnapping.

"I will deal first with the kidnapping." Poirot took from his pocket a photograph. "First, look at this."

Kelsey took it, handed it to Miss Bulstrode and she in turn handed it on to the others. It was returned to Poirot.

"I ask you, all of you, do you recognize the girl in that photograph?"

They all shook their heads.

"You should do," said Poirot, "since

that is a photograph obtained by me from Geneva of Princess Shaista."

"But it's not Shaista at all," cried Miss Chadwick.

"Exactly," said Poirot. He paused. "The threads of all this business start in Rafat where, as you know, a revolutionary *coup d'état* took place about three months ago. The ruler, Prince Ali Yusuf, managed to escape, flown out by his own private pilot. Their plane, however, crashed in the mountains north of Rafat and was not discovered until later.

"A certain packet of great value which was always carried on Prince Ali's person was missing. It was not found in the wreck and there were rumours that it had been brought to this country."

POIROT went on: "Several groups of people were anxious to get hold of it. One of their leads to it was Prince Ali Yusuf's only remaining relation, his first cousin, a girl who was then at a school in Switzerland. It seemed likely that if the precious packet had been safely got out of Rafat, it would be brought to Princess Shaista, or to her relatives and guardians.

"It was known that she was due to come to Meadowbank this term. So a simple idea was evolved, that of kidnapping Shaista and sending one of their own number to the school as Princess Shaista herself. This could be done successfully since the Emir Ibrahim, her

uncle and guardian, was in Egypt and did not propose to visit England until late summer.

"The real Shaista was kidnapped and taken to a very pleasant chalet in Switzerland, where she has been ever since, and an entirely different girl arrived in England and was brought to this school. This substitute, of course, was necessarily much older than the real Shaista.

"I did ask," Hercule Poirot went on, in a thoughtful voice, "whether anyone had noticed Shaista's knees. Knees are a very good indication of age. The knees of a woman of twenty-three or twenty-four can never really be mistaken for the knees of a girl of fourteen or fifteen. Nobody, alas, had noticed her knees.

"The plan was hardly as successful as had been hoped. Nobody attempted to get in touch with Shaista. No letters or telephone calls of significance arrived for her. And, as time went on, an added anxiety arose. It was learned that the Emir Ibrahim might arrive in England ahead of schedule.

"The false Shaista, then, was aware that at any moment someone who knew the real Shaista might arrive at Meadowbank. When she received a summons to the Emir's presence, she

contacted her accomplices, who kidnapped her. An amateurish ransom note was sent just to keep up the fiction."

Hercule Poirot paused again. "We pass now," he said after a moment, "to something far more serious than kidnapping—murder. And first I will make one point about your 'princess.' The false Shaista had no motive to kill anybody. Her rôle was simply to receive a valuable packet if, as seemed likely, it should be brought to her."

HE continued: "Let us go back now to Rafat. It was widely rumoured in Rafat that Prince Ali Yusuf had given this valuable packet to Bob Rawlinson, his private pilot, and that Bob Rawlinson had arranged for its dispatch to England. On the day in question Rawlinson went to Rafat's principal hotel where his sister, Mrs. Sutcliffe, and her daughter Jennifer were staying. Mrs. Sutcliffe and Jennifer were out, but Bob Rawlinson went up to their room where he remained for at least twenty minutes. It was a fair inference that, during his time in her room, he had placed this object amongst his sister's effects and that she had brought it back to England.

"Now we come to what I may call the dividing of two separate threads. One

barked. Miss Chadwick staggered, and slowly began to crumple

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set of interests assumed that Mrs. Sutcliffe had brought the packet back to England and in consequence her house in the country was ransacked and a thorough search made. This showed that whoever was searching did not know where exactly the article was hidden. Only that it was probably in Mrs. Sutcliffe's possession.

"But somebody else knew exactly where that packet—or its contents—were, and I think that by now it will do no harm for me to tell you where, in fact, Bob Rawlinson did conceal them. He concealed them in the handle of a tennis racket, hollowing the handle out and afterwards piecing it together again so skilfully that it was difficult to see what had been done.

"The tennis racket belonged, not to his sister, but to her daughter Jennifer, and she brought it here to Meadowbank with her. Someone who knew exactly where the cache was went out to the sports pavilion one night, having previously taken an impression of the key. "At that time of night everyone should have been in bed and asleep. But that was not so. Miss Springer saw the light of a torch in the sports pavilion from the house, and went out to investigate. The person in question was probably sorting through the tennis rackets to find the right one. Discovered and recognized by Miss Springer, there was no hesitation. The searcher was a killer, and shot Miss Springer dead."

Poirot went on: "Afterwards, however, the killer had to act fast. People were approaching. At all costs the killer must get out of the sports pavilion unseen. The racket must be left where it was for the moment.

"Within a few days another method was tried. A strange woman with a faded American accent waylaid Jennifer Sutcliffe as she was coming from the tennis courts, and told her a plausible story about a relative of hers having sent her a new tennis racket. Jennifer unsuspectingly accepted this story and gladly exchanged the racket she was carrying for the new one.

"But a circumstance had arisen which the woman with the American accent knew nothing about. That was that, a few days previously, Jennifer Sutcliffe and Julia Upjohn had exchanged rackets . . . so that what the strange woman took away with her was in actual fact Julia Upjohn's old racket.

"We come now to the second tragedy. Miss Vansittart, for some unknown reason, but possibly connected with the kidnapping of Shaista which had taken place that afternoon, took a torch and went out to the sports pavilion after everybody had gone to bed. Somebody who had followed her there struck her down with a cosh or a sandbag, as she was stooping down by Shaista's locker.

"Again the crime was discovered almost immediately. Miss Chadwick saw a light in the sports pavilion and hurried out there."

HE continued: "The police took charge at the sports pavilion, and the killer was debarred from searching and examining the tennis rackets there. But by now Julia Upjohn, an intelligent child, had thought things over and had come to the logical conclusion that the racket she possessed, and which had originally belonged to Jennifer, was in some way important. She investigated on her own behalf, found that she was correct in her surmise, and brought the contents of the racket to me. They are now in safe custody and need concern us here no longer.

"It remains to consider the third tragedy." Poirot looked round at his audience. "What Mademoiselle Blanche knew or suspected we shall never know. She may have seen someone leaving the house on the night of Miss Springer's murder.

"But whatever it was that she knew or suspected, she knew the identity of the murderer. She planned to obtain money in return for her silence.

"There is nothing," went on Hercule Poirot, with feeling, "more dangerous than levying blackmail on a person who has killed already, perhaps

twice. Mademoiselle Blanche made an appointment with the murderer and she was killed."

He paused again. "So there," he concluded, "you have it all."

They were all staring at him.

"Yes," he said, "I know. We have still to find the murderer."

The room was very still now.

POIROT went on: "We want, primarily, someone who was in Rafat three months ago. Knowledge that the prize was concealed in the tennis racket could only have been acquired in one way. Someone must have seen it put there by Bob Rawlinson. It is as simple as that. Who, then, of all of you present here, was in Rafat three months ago? Miss Chadwick was here, Miss Johnson was here. But Miss Rich—Miss Rich was not here last term, was she?"

"I—no. I was ill," Miss Rich spoke hurriedly. "I was away for a term."

"That is the thing that we did not

know," said Hercule Poirot, "until a few days ago somebody mentioned it casually. You were absent last term. You could have been in Rafat—I think you were in Rafat."

There was a moment's silence, then Eileen Rich looked up.

"Yes," she said quietly. "I was in Rafat. Why not?"

"Why did you go to Rafat, Miss Rich?"

"You already know. I had been ill. I was advised to take a rest—to go abroad. I wrote to Miss Bulstrode and explained that I must take a term off.

Why shouldn't I go to Rafat?" Her voice trembled slightly. "I wanted a rest. I wanted sunshine."

"You have never mentioned that you

were at Rafat at the time of the revolution."

"Why should I? What has it got to do with anyone here?"

"You were recognized, you know," said Hercule Poirot. "The child Jennifer was very vague. She said she thought she'd seen you in Rafat but concluded it couldn't be you because, she said, the person she had seen was fat, not thin." He leaned forward, his eyes boring into Eileen Rich's face. Then he turned. "Inspector Kelsey."

Inspector Kelsey nodded, went to the door, opened it, and Mrs. Upjohn walked into the room.

"How do you do, Miss Bulstrode," said Mrs. Upjohn, looking rather embarrassed. "I'm sorry I'm looking rather untidy, but I was somewhere near Ankara yesterday and I've just been flown home."

"That does not matter," said Hercule Poirot. "We merely want to ask you something."

KELSEY said: "Mrs. Upjohn, when you came here to bring your daughter to the school and you were in Miss Bulstrode's sitting-room, you looked out of the window—the window which gives on the front drive—and you uttered an exclamation as though you recognized someone you saw there. That is so, is it not?"

Mrs. Upjohn stared at him. "When I was in Miss Bulstrode's sitting-room? I looked—oh yes, of course. Yes, I did."

"Someone you were surprised to see?"

"Well, I was rather. . . . You see, it had all been such years ago."

"You mean the days when you were working in intelligence."

"Yes. It was about fifteen years ago. Of course, she looked much older, but I recognized her at once. And I wondered what she could be doing here."

"Mrs. Upjohn, will you look round this room and tell me if you see that person here now?"

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Upjohn. "That's her."

She stretched out a pointing finger.

Inspector Kelsey was quick and so was Adam, but they were not quick enough. Ann Shapland had sprung to her feet. In her hand was a small, wicked-looking automatic and it pointed straight at Mrs. Upjohn.

Miss Bulstrode, quicker than the two men, moved sharply forward, but almost as swift was Miss Chadwick. "No, you shan't," cried Chaddy, and lunged herself in front of Miss Bulstrode just as the small automatic went off.

MISS CHADWICK staggered, then slowly crumpled. Miss Johnson ran to her. Adam and Kelsey had got hold of Ann Shapland now. She was struggling like a wild cat, but they wrested the automatic from her.

Mrs. Upjohn said breathlessly: "They said then that she was a killer, although she was so young. They said she was one of the most dangerous agents there were."

"You lying bitch!" Ann Shapland fairly spat out the words.

Hercule Poirot said: "She does not lie. You are dangerous. You have always led a dangerous life. All the jobs you have taken have been perfectly genuine jobs, efficiently performed, but they have all been jobs with a purpose, and that purpose has been the gaining of information.

"You have worked with an oil company, with an archaeologist whose work took him to a certain part of the globe, with an actress whose protector was an eminent politician.

"Ever since you were seventeen you have worked also as an agent—though for many different masters. Your services have been for hire and have been highly paid. You have played a dual rôle. Most of your assignments have been carried out in your own name, but there were certain jobs for which you assumed different identities. Those were the times when ostensibly you had to go home and be with your mother.

"But I strongly suspect, Miss Shapland, that the elderly woman I visited and who lives in a small village with a

continued on page 32

THE WITNESS STATES

INVESTIGATION:

The theft of ninety watches, valued at £1,800, from the London flat of Mr. Rudolf Messner, a Swiss business man.

FIRST WITNESS



(Evidence given through an interpreter.) I am Rudolf Messner. The watches were stolen last night when I was out making a telephone call to Newcastle from a public call box. Oh, this crime was well-planned. Whoever did it knew I had to make the call, and my own line was cut. Of course, we did not discover this till later. I was away over twenty minutes. Why? Because of the inanity of your telephone operators. They could not understand my English. I tried to explain to three separate girls at the exchange that I wanted to make a personal call, but they giggled at me. I was annoyed, and also nervous about the watches, and I abandoned the call. Who knew I had gone out? My housekeeper and her son and the porter. They are all entirely above suspicion.

SECOND WITNESS

I am Florence Marriott, Mr. Messner's housekeeper. My son was visiting me from Scotland and had been in the flat all day. Yes, we both knew the watches were in the living-room. Mr. Messner is not a secretive man. I heard him growing annoyed because the phone was out of order, and my son suggested he use the call box at the corner of the street. Neither of us went into the living-room while Mr. Messner was out.



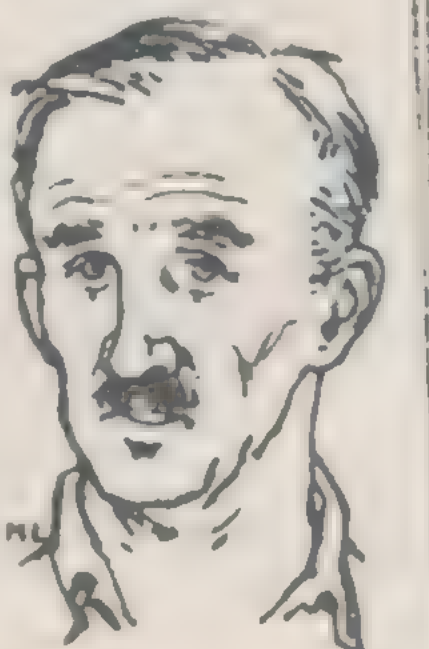
THIRD WITNESS



My name is Percy Marriott. Mother and I were in the morning-room watching television, but the door was open and I'd say it was impossible for anyone to come in without us seeing. The living-room windows were latched on the inside and they're very stiff to open, so no one could have got in that way, either. I don't know what to suggest. Yes, it was I who found the line had been cut. That was when Mr. Messner came back and found the watches gone. The phone hadn't been used all day. Any visitors during the day? Only the window-cleaner, as far as I remember.

FOURTH WITNESS

John Rudge, porter. Look, I didn't know anything about this. I never saw Mr. Messner go out, whatever he says. I heard him come back. He was hammering at the front door, very excited. He'd gone out without his keys, and I always lock the door at half past ten sharp. Yes, I've got duplicate keys to all the flats. And while we're on it, the window-cleaner is my brother-in-law. So it would have been nice and easy, wouldn't it? But you needn't look at me. I've been here fifteen years, and there's not a stain on my character. I'll tell you this, though; I've got a pretty good idea who you should be looking at.

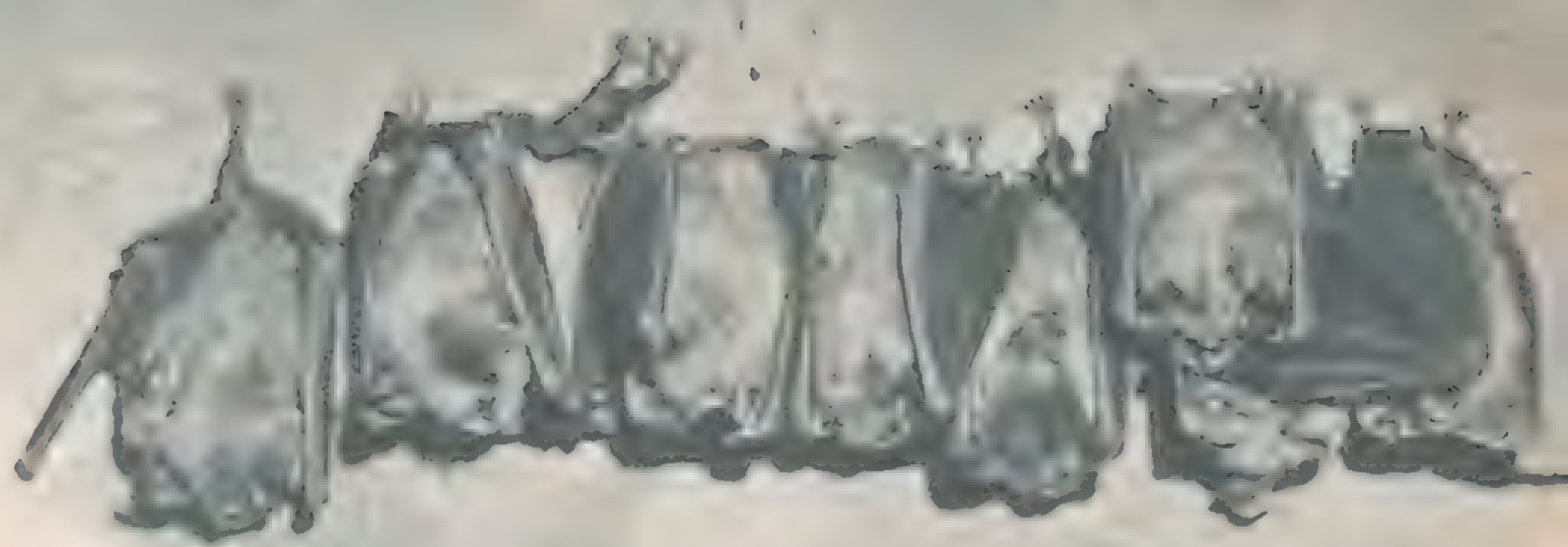


Turn to page 28 for the Inspector's comment

Man is probing the secrets of animals that "die" in winter and return to life in spring. Already doctors have learned how to save human life by studying . . .

THE BIG SLEEP

by JOHN CROMPTON



As the days grow shorter many of the animals around us are making nests or seeking out retreats for hibernation. They are preparing for a sleep that will last the winter through, and I have heard some people regret that they cannot do the same, and pass the cold months in a warm, snug bed.

Actually, these hibernators are about as snug as a corpse and neither their nests nor bodies possess any warmth.

Indeed, when they settle down to their winter sleep they go as near to death as it is possible to go and yet survive. They cease even to breathe, and their internal temperature is no different from the temperature outside.

It is generally thought that animals hibernate to escape the cold and that the urge is put in motion by the first chill of winter. This is not so.

Hibernators often retire to their winter quarters during an autumn heat wave and emerge in early spring when the cold seems as intense as ever and snow is on the ground.

Their object is to ward off starvation. We humans store grain and fodder to tide us over winter, but most animals have to live on what food there is, and in winter there is very little.

In mammals, food is as much a source of heat as nourishment. In fact, much of the food we eat is used to keep a kind of stove going inside us, and were we cold-blooded, like reptiles, we could exist on less food, or even go without altogether for long periods.

So, in order to be able to live on a smaller food allowance, hibernating animals become cold-blooded. The dormouse and the hedgehog and the rest lose their heat until their body temperature is practically the same as that of the surrounding air.

Even so, hibernating animals must have some food; otherwise their tissues would shrivel up and they would die of starvation. This food is supplied by fat accumulated in summer.

Men who hibernate

Bears and dormice, for instance, lay on enormous rolls of fat before they retire for the winter. Those that have been unable to do so do not attempt to hibernate at all.

Even human beings can hibernate, after a fashion. In Siberia, from time immemorial, it was the custom for the inhabitants of certain villages to retire to a central building when winter came, taking with them wood and what bread they had saved. All went to sleep, except one man who kept a stove going.

In about twenty-four hours he awakened the others, who then ate a small portion of the precious bread. Then another man took over, and the rest went to sleep again. This continued for the whole of the winter.

It was not true hibernation, of course. The body temperature of the sleepers remained more or less normal and they continued to breathe.

When the cold is severe a truly hibernating animal stops breathing altogether. Tests are difficult, for interference is apt to disturb the rhythm of hibernation, but it has been found that hibernating bats and marmots can live at least four hours in an atmosphere of

pure carbon dioxide—though normally they are killed by it immediately.

A hedgehog drowns as quickly as a human being, but a hibernating hedgehog suffers no harm after half an hour's immersion in water.

Hibernating bats, too, can be kept under water for long periods. One which was placed for ten hours in a scientific apparatus used for measuring the amount of oxygen taken from the air in breathing was found to have taken no oxygen. Yet an active bat removed five cubic inches in one hour.

Although breathing may stop, the heart continues to beat. But it beats very slowly. The normal pulse rate of a marmot is seventy-five beats a minute; during hibernation, about five.

Digestion also ceases. Since sustenance comes from the stored fat there is nothing to digest. Dormice and their kind often store seeds or nuts in their winter nest and are supposed to wake and nibble at them during very mild periods, but it is probable that, in nature, they are consumed only after the animal has awakened in spring.

Mouse in the bath

Actually it is very difficult to rouse a dormouse during the hibernating period. It prepares itself for sleep with its head between its paws and its tail curled round its body, and it can be rolled about on a board like a hoop without disturbing it.

If woken too suddenly it dies. A boy I knew had a pet dormouse which escaped and could not be found. One day in winter, when the governess was having a bath, screams came from the bathroom. The mouse had hibernated in a sponge and the governess found it swimming round in the water.

She said afterwards that she nearly died. The boy did not mind about that, but he grieved for his mouse which *had* died.

Probably the best-known hibernators are bears, dormice, hedgehogs, bats and those popular pets, hamsters. Tortoises are profound hibernators, and those who keep them should not try to awaken them too early.

Grizzly bears hibernate only in their more northerly regions, as do the brown and black bear. They lie up in caves, holes and the roots of large trees.

If there is any food around, the males do not hibernate. Often they hibernate.

The females usually have their young during their winter sleep. The female polar bear buries herself in the snow in autumn and has her baby in January while still buried. She emerges in the spring after more than six months' burial and starvation, during part of which time she has been suckling an infant.

Reptiles and amphibians hibernate automatically in winter in temperate climates.

Unlike those of warm-blooded animals, their systems have no heat regulators to be turned off. Their temperature is always that of the surrounding air and when this is low their body functions slow down until they hardly operate at all.

Frogs pass the winter in mud in ponds. Toads get into holes in the ground, as do snakes and lizards. Often

continued on page 30

Once-risky operations can now be performed by cooling the patient in a refrigeration unit. By studying hibernating animals scientists found that this slows the heart and lungs

*He was just a boy playing marbles. But if he lost the Indians
would take his sister away*

THE BIG NEVADA GAMBLE

by WILLIAMS FORREST

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

It was cold in the late Nevada afternoon, but sunlight was still sluicing through the canyon where the town lay. Roge looked around, taking a deep breath of freedom. He had spent part of the morning and afternoon doing his own shopping and escorting his sister Meg around so that she could do hers.

Now Meg was safely delivered into the hands of a very respectable town lady, who would give her tea and then take her to the evening entertainment in the new opera house.

Roge hitched his pants with a clumsy pride as he strode to the rear of the Sourdough Restaurant. His own evening was cut out for him. He'd start out behind the restaurant, talking and listening, and maybe getting a game of marbles with some Indians. He much preferred playing with Indians than with other kids, and he preferred playing with Piutes rather than Shoshones. With Shoshones the game did not seem exciting and dangerous. They were cowed, and had been born that way. But Piutes! They snarled and hissed when they played, and the game did not just *seem* like war . . . it was.

Roge was disappointed when he got behind the restaurant. Several Shoshones, two men and a crouching squaw, were in the dust, eyes fixed on the back door, sniffing at the cooking. They were beggars and not warriors, and Roge went by them in disgust. A Piute did not really beg; he walked in at the front door, or stood tall in the window, and you thought it would be well to feed him, because fire still burned in the Piutes and some of them got wild again occasionally.

ORDINARILY, however, the Piute would send his woman to work, and he would hunt in one of the few ways left to him. He would gamble, with anything he had. And, suddenly, when he was poor, he would vanish, to subsist on pine nuts in the hills and find skins to make himself rich again.

Roge pushed past the Indians and went in through the rear door of the restaurant. Whenever in town, he treated himself to a big bowl of chilli.

In the restaurant he found a group of men sitting around two tables, with coffee and checker boards laid out. He took an empty chair among them. They accepted him, as long as he didn't talk, because of their respect for his pa, and because they knew that he and Meg took good care of the ranch whenever their pa was away on roundup.

Roge and Meg's mother had been killed in a flash flood three years ago, and Meg, who was thirteen now, and tall, slim and golden, had early become a ranch woman, cooking and sewing and taking care of things so well that the neighbours nodded and swore she'd make the best wife in the valley.

The men acknowledged Roge with glances, but said nothing to him while he ate his chilli. Then, when he pushed away his bowl, the owner of the stone-mason shed said: "Roge? You an' Meg in town to provision?"

"Yep."

The big man smoked his cigar. "Your pa off on roundup?"

"Be back tomorrow. Should be, before the day's over."

The big mason squinted at him. "Roge, you seen any of them Piutes around town?"

"Don't suppose I have." He was grateful to them because they had let him finish his chilli before telling him something he ought to know.

The mason nodded. "If a man was lookin' for 'em, he'd find them outside town, at the encampment, loadin' up."

No one advised Roge further, and again he was grateful. They understood that he would realize what would

happen to the unattended ranch if the Indians went in that direction.

The mason coughed. The other men looked at him quickly. He toyed with a chipped black checker. "Roge," he said. "Maybe you ought to have someone out there with you till your daddy comes back. Case they're movin' your way."

Roge flushed. "Don't suppose they'll massacre us."

He paid for his chilli and left.

He walked east out of the town, past the courthouse and the good hotel and the gambling shed, where a Chinaman was calling out the gaming. Whites and shuffling Indians were moving towards the shed, as well as Chinese. But the Indians were not Piutes.

The land lifted under him as he came to the hill on the south. Mounting it, he gazed over the river and saw the activity about the camp of the Piutes.

A contingent of the Indians had begun to move out. The bucks were mounted on short-coupled ponies with big barrels, and the favoured young wives and children were on ponies only a little less good, and household goods were on older plodding horses, and in the rear came the old women, carrying great packs. The group moved westward, to a trail that went parallel to the canyon. Roge knew then that the Indians intended to head to the hills.

HE hurried back towards town, thinking: *Tom-fool Injuns. They just would pick a time so's to ruin Meg's evening with society.* He went up the porch of the big sandstone house where Meg was a guest, and knocked on the door, hearing the sound of the piano playing inside. Sure was pretty. The door opened and he asked for Meg. When she came to him, she seemed to be floating under her long dress.

"Roge? Is anything the matter?"

"You can't go to the entertainment, Meg," he said. She gasped, and her thin hands flew to her mouth. It gave

him a peculiar feeling, and in a way made him suspicious of the town. Meg never acted that way out on the ranch. "Indians are movin' out," he said. "Piutes. Headin' directly west."

She sighed, deeply and flatly. But she was still a towny when she said: "I shall explain to my hostess."

"I'll hitch up," said Roge.

The horses were in a field down the street, and the wagon was at the side of the house, guarded from wandering Indians by Yellow Eyes. Yellow Eyes was small, with large teeth and brindle hair. He had been a Piute cur, cowering and untouchable. Roge had won him in a marble game from an old chief whom gambling had reduced to a shambling wreck wearing nothing but rags and rope. Yellow Eyes now hated Indians and even snapped at their smell.

On the way out of town, Roge was glad Meg did not weep. For the first few miles she sat very close to him, for consolation in the rapid and then deep darkness; and then, as the wind and moon came, she sat straight-backed, by herself on the box, and again she was Meg of the ranch.

Roge watched the hills to the right, and when the moon was higher he saw the silhouette of the Indian caravan. The big horses soon passed it by.

When they got home, the dim ranch began to snuffle and snort with the life of the animals. While Roge unhitched and bedded the team, Meg took care of the two ancient friends of the kitchen, the fire and the yeast. Both were older than she was. The yeast had lived with her grandmother, and the fire had been borrowed during a blizzard from a neighbour who had lived several miles away. It had been borrowed three days before Meg was born. Roge knew that she loved the yeast best, because she would take part of it with her when she married.

Roge made coffee, and Meg set the keg in the shed off the kitchen, so that the dough would be ready for the great

homecoming dinner for Pa and the hands the next day. Meanwhile Yellow Eyes was scouting the corrals, pens and buildings—a task he had chosen for himself whenever the men were away.

When Meg was ready for bed, she gave Roge a light kiss on the cheek. He made no acknowledgment of it, but he felt that she realized it made him feel gentle and strong and protective toward her. She closed her door, and he sat cross-legged before the fire, sipping the strong coffee.

After a while, he loaded the shotgun, pulled a blanket around him and went outside to watch the hills to the north. Yellow Eyes sat beside him, staring also. At intervals Roge allowed himself to drowse. He knew that Yellow Eyes would be an unfailing sentinel.

The night passed quietly, and the next day Roge helped Meg set up the dutch ovens outside. One would be for bread, one for steak, and the third for the doughnuts that she always made as a special for the cowboys after fall roundup. Everything was ready.

The sun had passed the zenith, and Roge was content because no Indians had crossed the far ridges for two hours.

MEG was inside the house, looking for the hundredth time at a magazine from the east that was filled with illustrations of women's fashions. Yellow Eyes was sitting beside Roge, and Roge was playing his jew's harp.

Then the streaky tawny and grey hair on Yellow Eyes' neck and back began to lift. Roge put the harp in his pocket and stood against the wall where his shotgun was leaning. After a time he heard the drumming of hooves.

Meg must have heard it, too, because she came out of the house and shaded her eyes, looking toward the west. Roge said: "It hain't Pa, Meg. Hain't coming from that direction." Yellow Eyes began to growl low in his throat.

"Meg," said Roge, "take ol' Eyes inside and put him in your room."

Yellow Eyes did not want to go, but he was small and when Meg lifted him he would not bite, no matter how much he wanted to be left outside. Roge found a piece of canvas and put the shotgun under it against the wall of the house. Then he watched the riders.

The buck in the lead was unmistakable. He was John Crazy About Himself. Roge felt the hammering of his heart. He counted the Piutes; there were ten. John, on a short fast brown and white pony, was the vanguard.

JOHN was wearing a greenish flannel shirt and blue jeans. On his narrow head was a white hat, with undented crown, and feathers stuck up from the band. Streaking out from behind him was a robe of red that had been a curtain. A brilliant blanket trailed low on his horse. Around his neck was a necklace of beads and three silver dollars. The dollars were his good medicine, his credit on luck, and no man could take them from him except by killing him.

As the Indians pulled up, in a shower of grass and sand, Yellow Eyes began to howl. Flakes of sand stung Roge's cheeks. The Indians were impassive. The nine who were with John were older and did not speak.

When Meg came out of the house, the Indians were in a semi-circle around the yard, staring at Roge and the three dutch ovens. Roge was proud of his sister. She might look good as a towny, but she looked better here. She looked more society, in the tall way she held herself, than any of those women could

The Indian's pointing finger swung to Meg. "We trade," he said. "We take pale cook. We give two squaw"



The big Nevada gamble

continued from page 20

in front of silent, hungry Indians. She did not look at the Indians, but said: "Roge, light the fire under the doughnut oven."

When the Indians saw that something was being cooked, they dismounted, watered their horses at the tank and then staked them on the short browse. They sat on the ground in a curved line, watching the skillet.

Meg had Roge bring out her dough and deep pans. She cut the doughnuts on a board and, when the fat was boiling, she dropped the doughnuts into it, allowing them to brown, then turning them over, then removing them and putting them on another board covered with cloth. When she had a panful, she took it to the Indians.

John looked judicially into the pan. "Fat bread," he said. The other Indians expanded their arms a little, as if to get ready for a contest.

Roge said: "North, they call it bear sign. Hit's good bread."

"Oh!" said Meg. "The coffee. They should have coffee with it."

ROGE smiled. Meg always wanted to do it right, whether it was for Indians or anyone else. John gingerly lifted a doughnut and took a tremendous bite. "Hah!" he cried. "Fat bread good!"

The other Indians dipped ferociously into the pan. Meg soon served them boiled coffee in cans.

John looked at her. "Pale girl good cook. Damn. Make more fat bread."

Meg got to work. Roge sat on his hidden shotgun. The horses were stamping. Yellow Eyes continued to howl, with now a long quivering lament that made Roge wonder if the animal knew more than he did.

John spoke to his men in Shoshonean, which strangely enough was often the

language of the Piute, and reluctantly three men arose, mounted their horses and rode off. John belched and said: "Pale girl, good cook. Damn. More fat bread."

Meg glanced at Roge, more with resignation than fear, and Roge gave her a reassuring grin. But the grin was stiff and taut, and he was glad of the hard feel of the gun under his buttocks. The Indians were eating as if it were an orgy, some of them working with a doughnut in either hand. Their faces were smeared with grease. And where had the reluctant riders gone, and why?

While Meg made more doughnuts and coffee and the Indians gorged themselves, with a savage, tearing delight, Roge listened. He listened for the beat of hooves from the distance. He was waiting for Pa and the hands, and was waiting for the possible return of the bucks who had ridden off.

Riders were coming, and eventually Roge could distinguish from the sound that they were Indians. Indian horses made a sound like a hand beating water.

This time there were five riders; the bucks that John had sent out and, with them, two dusky young squaws.

"Meg," said Roge. "Get into the house."

Meg was staring at the squaws. Her hesitation made it too late. John rose, and said: "Pale cook stay here."

Roge rose, too. His left foot was on the shotgun. At a sign from John, two bucks moved close to Roge. He knew he would not have the chance to reach down and get the gun.

John lifted his hand and pointed at Meg. Then he turned dramatically and pointed at the squaws. "We trade. We take pale cook. She make fat bread for Piute."

"No," said Roge, conscious of the

tremble in his voice. Meg looked as frozen as a winter stone on the mountainside.

"We give two squaw," said John pompously. "Good trade." He grinned.

Roge was not shocked; he was only afraid. He knew full well that the Indians could not understand the thinking of the white man. He knew that to them Meg was only a girl, and a pale, weak-appearing girl at that. He knew that John considered his trade more than fair; two fine stalwart Piute girls for this reed? Only the "fat bread" made Meg important.

Meg drew herself up. "I refuse to be traded," she said. Roge was positive that only he could know that she was trembling under her long dress. Her

THE PAST—I

Those who cannot remember the past are doomed to repeat it.

George Santayana

bravery was thin and silvery and made his throat choke.

With a sudden motion, he bent for the shotgun. But the foot of an Indian came down on the stock.

"We trade," said John and motioned the Indian girls forward.

Roge laughed; it sounded broken and peculiar. It sounded so strange that the Indians paused and looked at him. They were afraid of anyone who was not right in the head. Such a person was possessed by the gods and must be left alone. And Meg lifted her thin hands to her cheeks, looking between her fingers at Roge, horrified because of what might be happening to him.

But Roge knew that he was all right. It was just that a knowing had come to him, here in this moment when he needed it the most.

He knew that if Pa had been here

alone with Meg and this had happened, most probably Meg would be taken away over Pa's dead body. Pa was too far off from the Indians, too far away from their thinking. But he, Roge, had a chance, because there was so much in himself that thought Indian.

HE said: "John, I hain't going to trade her. But I'll gamble for her. I'll play you the marble game."

Meg cried: "Roge!"

He turned on her as an Indian would. "You go make bear sign. Meg, hear?"

She was still. He shouted: "Hear?" And she seemed to know, and went to her work.

Roge faced up to John. To the Indian, there was no difference between cards and marbles; they were both tools of combat, to be used to lose or win. They had no conception of the white adults' contempt for marbles. Piutes, especially, as Roge understood, likened marbles to men on horseback, warriors with a striking power.

"Ah'll gamble for her," said Roge again. "I'll play you the marble game for Meg."

John looked down into his face. John's dark eyes had flecks of light in them. Without turning his head, he said to one of his men: "Draw the ring. I war with him."

Roge brought his precious leather sack of marbles from the house, pulled the strings and let the hundred fall on the ground. It was decided that he and John should select eleven marbles each, ten for the ring and one shooter. As a gesture Roge indicated that John should select first.

An old Indian took a stick and made a circle that was about ten feet across. Then another buck took twenty marbles and made a cross with them in the centre of the ring.

The Indians sat in a circle around the ring, leaving space for Roge and John to throw and shoot. Meg put two pans of doughnuts amid the Indians and filled

continued on page 37

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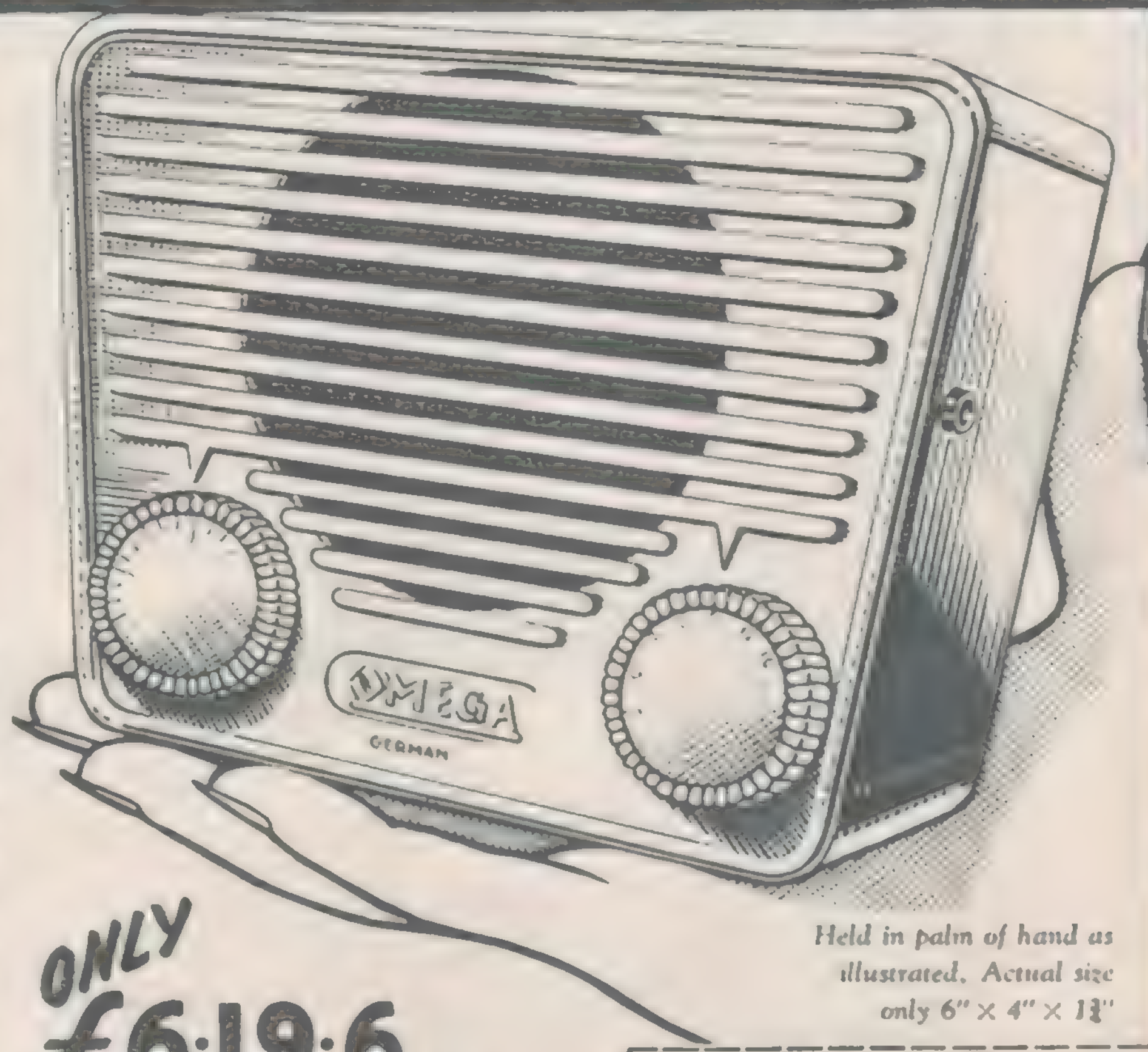
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MAKE
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AT
HOME

by Roger Smithells

KEEP WINTER AT BAY

The sights and sounds of winter have plenty of charm. It is the cold we dread. And the way to enjoy winter to the full is to make sure you have a warm and cosy home to go to. Wage war this year on icy draughts and chilling damp which spoil your comfort

Don't let in damp at floor level

A DAMP floor is an enemy to health, and an expensive luxury in terms of money spent on floor coverings. No carpet or linoleum is able to withstand continuous dampness indefinitely.

This is a problem which occurs in many old houses which have ground floors of quarry tiles or flagstones, laid directly on the ground, and in newer houses where concrete floors have been put down without a damp-proof course. It is tricky and expensive to solve, as a cure involves some reconstruction work. Half-measures like spreading a layer of roofing felt or building paper under floor coverings are not satisfactory—furniture legs soon wear their way through—and only stave off the day when the floor will

have to be relaid, or made properly damp-proof.

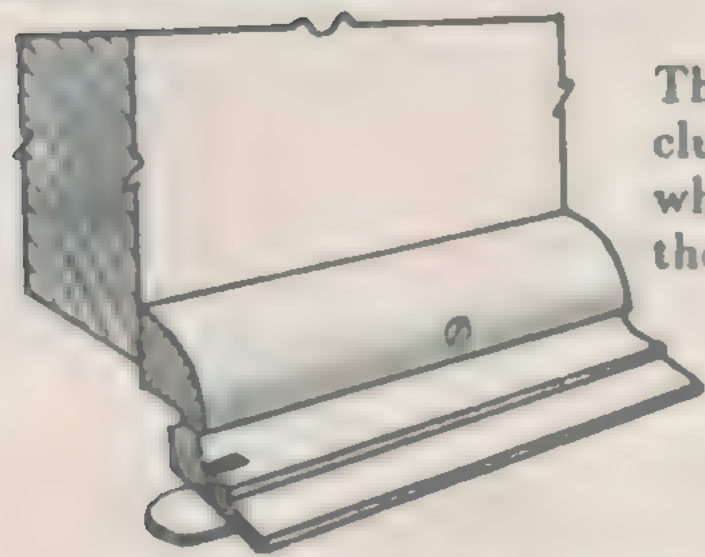
To effect a real cure, the quarry-tiles, flagstones or bricks must be taken up, and the subfloor under them spread with two coats of a bituminous compound such as Synthaprufe. On top of this put a layer of cement, mixed three parts sand to one part cement. This must be at least 2 in. thick. When the cement is dry, you can put down any floor covering you like.

Surface with a trowel

If you do not feel like tackling the cement work, and have room to raise the floor level an inch or so, you can coat the existing floor surface with damp-proofing solution, and cover it

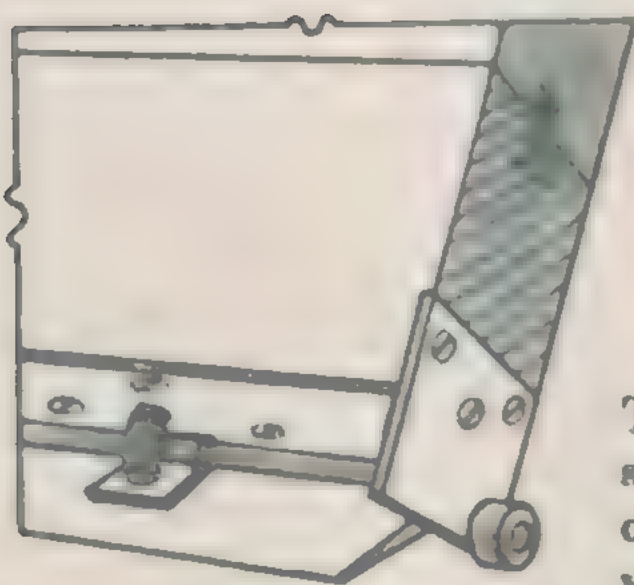
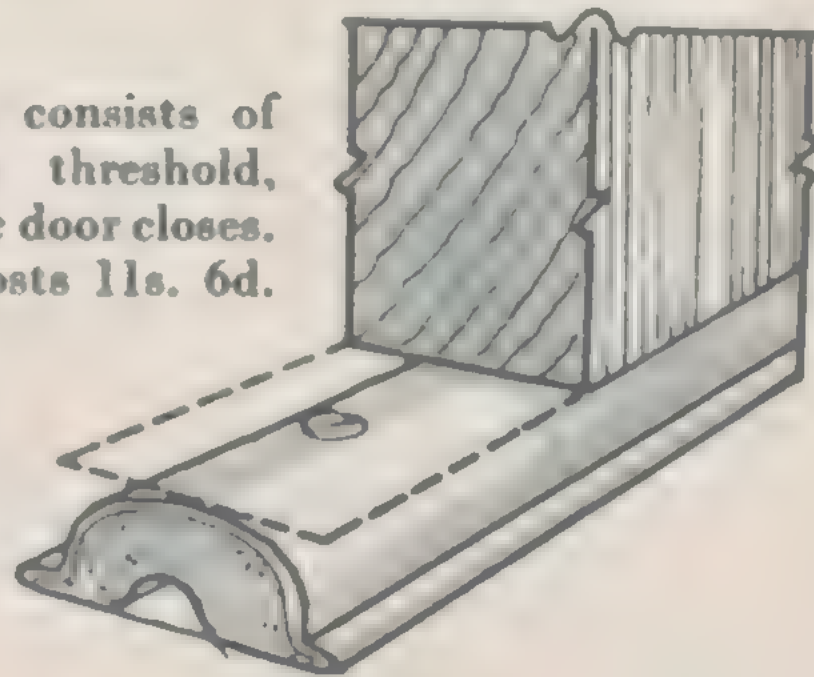
with a generous layer of a trowelled-on plastic floor covering, such as Redibond. This is a less permanent cure, but also less costly and more realistic if you live in a rented house.

Beware of the very damp floor in a house with no damp-proof course in the walls. Too thorough damp-proofing may force more damp up the walls with unsightly effect on decorations. A coat of rubberised floor paint, renewed fairly frequently, is the best compromise solution. This is available in many colours, and can be polished to keep the surface looking as bright as you want it. It is better not to put another covering over the paint, as this may be affected by the damp coming through.



The Champion draught excluder has a spring trigger which lifts it clear when the door is open. From 9s.

The Unda-Door consists of a plastic foam threshold, against which the door closes. Adjustable, it costs 11s. 6d.



The spring-operated Auto-seal is invisible when the door is closed; out of the way when it is open. About 30s.

Shut your doors on draughts

AN icy current of air coming through even a small gap in a door or window can ruin the good effect of an efficient heating system. Draughts can and must be stopped if you are to be really comfortable in winter.

It's easy to tell that there is a draught: not so easy to detect where it is coming from. A good test is a lighted match or cigarette lighter. Shut doors and windows, and run round the frames with the match. The flame will flicker in a draught.

Gaps round ill-fitting doors and windows can be filled with one of a variety of products. The cheapest and easiest to put in is self-adhesive plastic foam strip. This comes in a choice of thicknesses, with a protective backing over the adhesive. All you have to do is strip off the backing and press the strip on to the door frame. It must be placed

so that the door or window closes against it. For metal windows, use the special felt-faced type. The strip does not show when the door is closed. Cost from 2s. 11d. per door.

Rubber piping, which is tacked to the door or the frame, is an alternative. The edge of this will show when the door is closed, but it is available in several colours to match paintwork. Cost approximately 4s. 6d. per door.

Bronze is best

The longest-lasting draught-proofer is springy phosphor bronze strip, which is the material usually used in professional draught-proofing. This is available preset to the right angle, or with a setting tool so that you can adjust it to your requirements. More difficult for the handyman to fit than the other methods, the bronze strip has a longer life expectancy. It can be

KEEP WINTER AT BAY

continued from previous page

used on sash windows, and there is a clip-on kind made specially for fitting to metal windows. This is particularly easy to fit at home. The cost of draught-proofing this way is about 7s. 6d. per door.

Under doors you must have a small gap to allow you to open and shut them. This is a familiar source

of draughts. There are several patent draught-proofers, three of which are illustrated on previous page, which deal efficiently with this problem, and do not impede door opening. A simple alternative for a door which is not used often is a sausage of felt filled with sand.

Draughts can also creep into a room through cracks between floorboards, or between floor and skirting.

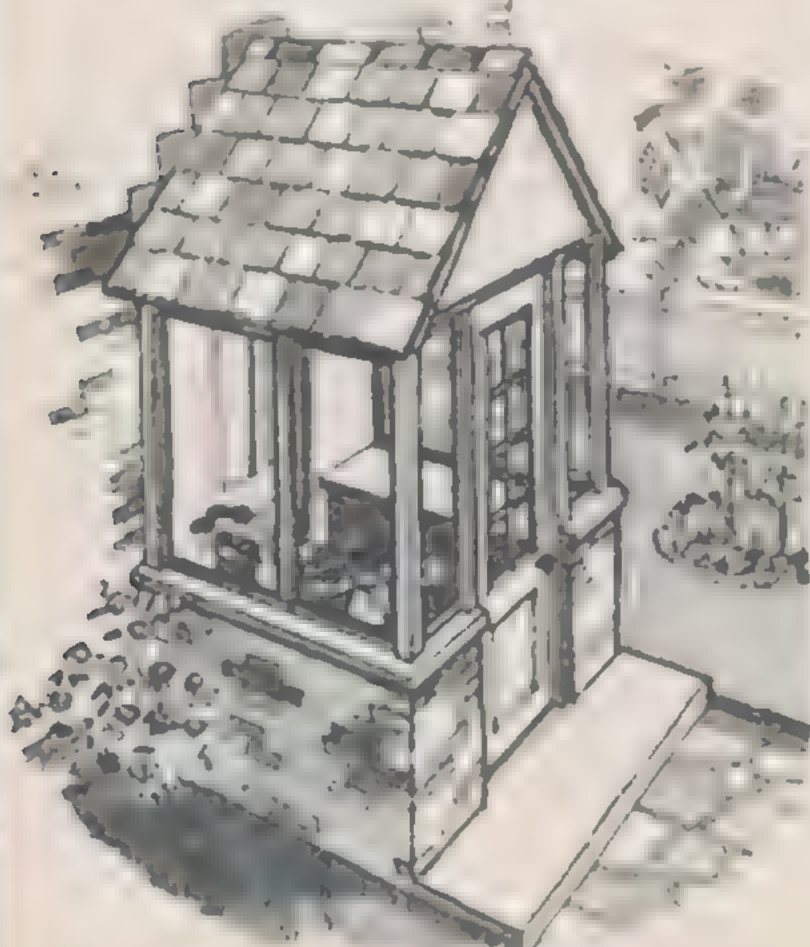
You can plug these with strips of sealing compound, or with plastic wood, which can now be tinted to match the boards. Wooden fillets, cut to fit and wedged between the boards, make a permanent seal, and quarter round beading, tacked to the floor at the base of the skirting, will fill the gap there.

Of course, a covering of linoleum, carpet or felt over the entire floor

will do the whole job more easily, though more expensively. If you already have a square of carpet in the centre of the room, lay surrounds of linoleum or hardboard between its edges and the sides of the room.

Don't forget the letterbox. If this is large it can let in a fierce draught. Cure this by tacking a felt flap inside the box.

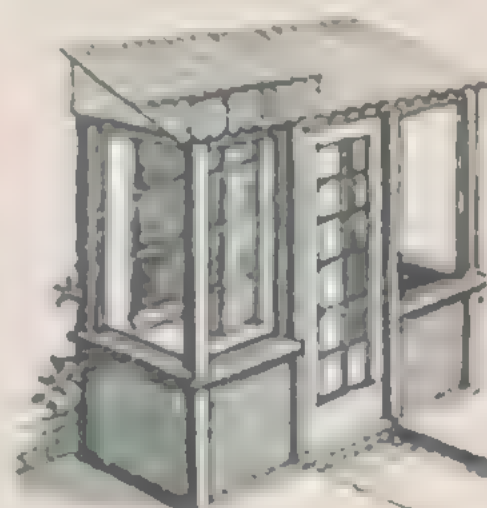
A storm-porch outside the front door, simply built of bricks and timber, with a shingle roof, keeps the cold out: makes a tiny conservatory for delicate pot-plants



The inside version for a roomy hall. A glass partition and door separate off a draught-catching lobby, where you can hang coats and hats, keep umbrellas

Shut the cold winds out

Opening and shutting the front door sends waves of icy air inside. Make an extra door for protection



For a windy back door: a brick-built shelter with a shelf for milk bottles. The brick wall keeps out the weather, the open side lets you in



The simplest front door solution. A thick curtain suspended from a double pelmet at ceiling level. In winter it can be kept drawn right across the hall

For a draughty french window, make an outside sun-trap, of timber and asbestos sheeting, roofed with coloured perspex. Take out the glass for summer



The menace of condensation

NEARLY everyone has seen water running down the walls and window of the bathroom when taking a bath. But not all of us realize that damp patches on walls and ceilings, and peeling paper and spotty paint in living rooms often have the same cause—condensation. This occurs when the air in a room becomes over-loaded with water vapour. The warmer the air, the more vapour it can hold, but if you go on pouring vapour into it, by boiling a kettle or running a steamy

bath, or if the air temperature is suddenly lowered by contact with a colder wall, ceiling or window surface, the vapour will condense into water droplets causing distressing damp patches.

A well insulated house is unlikely to suffer from condensation. If a wall is thick enough or well enough insulated to keep the inside surface of the walls at the same temperature as the air in the room, even when it is cold outside, there is no risk of condensation. But improving the insulation of walls by facing the inside surface with insulating material

is a tricky and expensive process, and only really worth while considering as a last resort.

Good ventilation will lessen the trouble, by keeping up a flow of air which carries steam and vapour outside. Put louvres in your windows or an air-brick in the wall. In the kitchen, take the precaution of fitting a canopy over the cooker which takes steam and fumes straight out of the kitchen through an extractor fan in the wall. If this is not possible, fit an extractor fan into the window, near to the cooker.

Adequate heating also helps to combat condensation. If you can

keep the wall temperature up, you will not suffer—you will also make your house more comfortable. The best way to do this is to arrange skirting heating, either centrally run from a boiler, or the electric variety. Failing this, put radiators under the windows. These will help with the walls, and warm the cold air as it comes through the windows. Also, by keeping the surface of the windows warm, you will prevent condensation forming on the panes.

Use Siscomatte paint, or Seculate anti-condensation compound, to fight condensation on walls and ceilings.

Insulate the loft for extra warmth

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

WHEN you've made a piping hot pot of tea, you put a woolly tea-cosy over it, to keep it hot as long as possible, and save yourself the time and the money it would cost to re-heat the pot.

This is a small-scale example of how it can benefit you to insulate your roof-space this winter. Normally, a large proportion of the warmth in a house escapes upwards through the roof. But if you insulate your roof with a blanket of material which is a bad heat-conductor, it will prevent heat escaping, giving you more warmth for your money.

There are three methods to choose from—all easy to tackle yourself. First, you can lay a ready-made blanket of insulating material over or between the floor joists in your roof space.

The second alternative is a "loose fill," of vermi-

culite grains or mineral wool. Grains are spread between the joists and levelled: wool packed lightly down. The total thickness should be between two and four inches. In an awkwardly shaped loft, this is the easiest to lay.

The third alternative is aluminium foil, either on its own, or backed with stout paper, or building board. Paper-backed, this can be tacked to the rafters or to the floor joists, either alone, or with crumpled sheets of plain foil between the joists. The building board, nailed to the rafters, makes combined insulation and wall surface.

A roof-space with an insulated floor will be colder than it was before, and you should lag pipes. Don't lay insulating material under the tank. Rising warm air will help to stop it freezing.

The cost for the roof space of an average home would be between £5 10s. and £11 10s.

Your key to a cosy fireside

by ROGER SMITHELLS

This easy-to-fix attachment will cure all chimney troubles—and cut your fuel bills

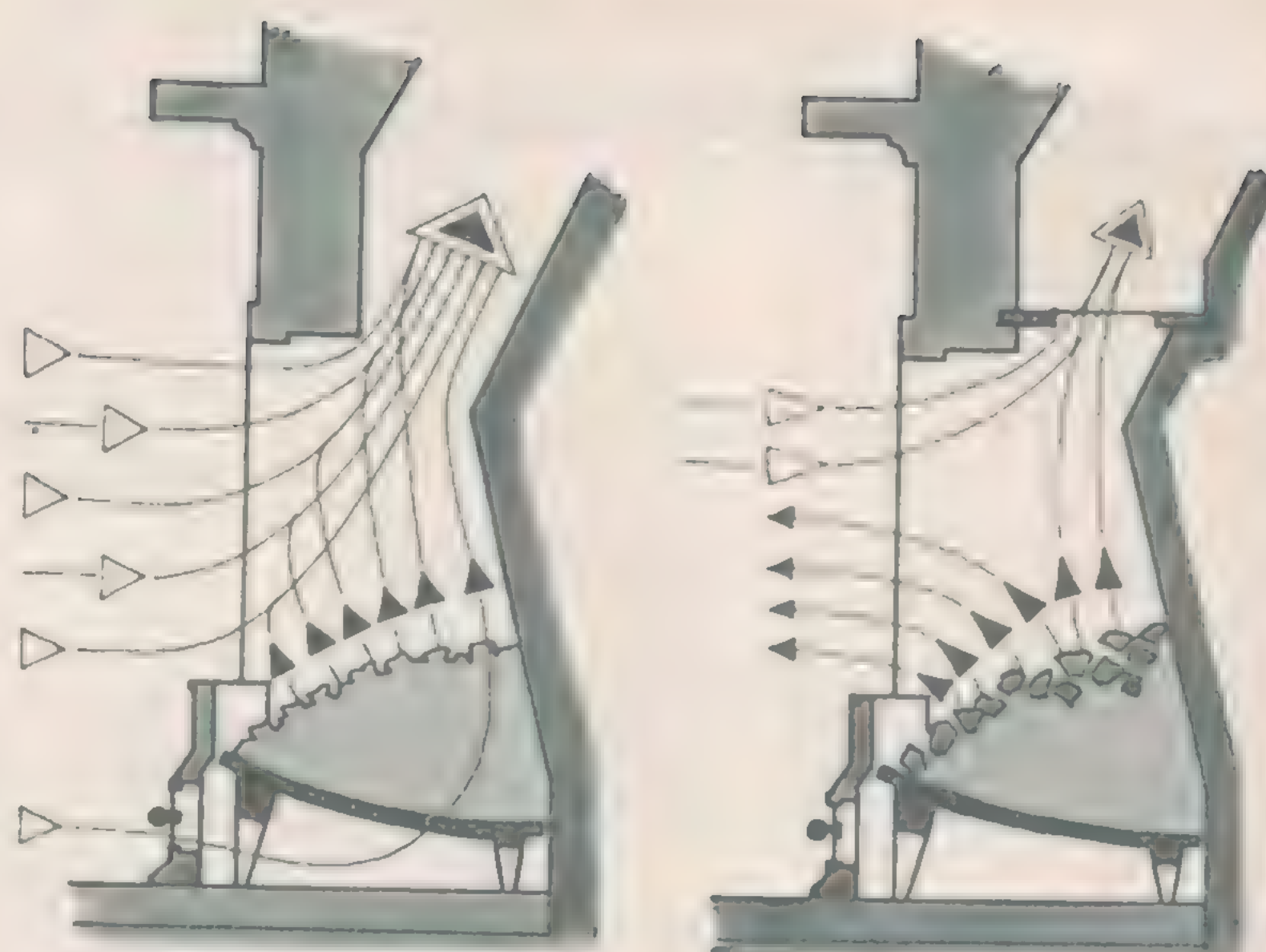
MOST of us have already lit our first fires of the winter. If your fireplaces are of the old-fashioned type, over which you have little or no control, they may not be burning too well. There are many reasons why a fire may burn badly, but there are two main causes with which I am concerned here.

First there is the fire which burns well, but fails to heat the room. The rush of cold air coming in from the room takes most of the warmth of the fire up a too-large chimney opening. Then there is the sullen fire which seems reluctant to burn at all, and which smokes as a result of downdraught, or faulty chimney construction. Downdraught is often a problem in a built-up area, where air-pressure conditions affect the chimney pull. The weather conditions

and surrounding trees may also cause downdraught.

Patent cowls fitted to the top of the chimney may make little difference. If you are burning coal, the effects of downdraught are only too evident in clouds of smoke, and smarting eyes. But if you live in a smokeless zone, and burn one of the smokeless fuels, fumes can billow into the room without any visible sign at all. Since these fumes can be a menace to health it is doubly important to be sure that your fireplace has adequate draught.

If you cannot, for one reason or another, replace the old fireplace with a modern convector, designed to give you the most heat for the fuel you burn, your best solution to the problem is to install a throat restrictor in the flue opening above the fireplace. It is important that this should be adjustable, to allow you to make the flue opening



◀ Direction of cold draughts
▶ Direction of warmth

These two diagrams indicate the difference that a throat restrictor can make to an open fire. Left: cold air from the room takes much of the warmth up the chimney. Right: a throat restrictor narrows the flue opening, and reduces the chimney pull. Less cold air is then sucked in and most of the fire's heat is drawn into the room—where it is wanted

larger or smaller according to weather conditions and the pull of the chimney, and direct heat into the room.

Several such throat restrictors are made. They can be installed by any competent handyman. They either rest on the top face of the firebrick at the back of the fireplace, or are cemented to it. Those which are permanently fixed need not be removed when the chimney is cleaned. The simple draught controls can be operated with a poker.

Here are some throat restrictors recommended by me and approved by the Coal Utilization Council, 3 Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1.

The Claco, by Charles Lathe & Co. Ltd., Moat Foundry, Tipton, Staffs. In

16 in. and 18 in. sizes, 27s. 3d., and 33s. 6d. Also made in larger sizes.

The Swinton, by Hattersley Bros., Ltd., Swinton, Mexborough, Yorks. To fit 16 and 18 in. openings, prices 22s. 6d. and 28s.

The Sumara, by Ramus Tile Co. Ltd., Sumara Works, Albert Road, Wood Green, London, N.22; 14 and 16 in. sizes cost 22s., and the 18 in. size, 25s.

The Marlowe, by Martin & Lowe Ltd., 7 Merchants Place, Reading, Berks, 14 and 16 in. sizes 25s., 18 in. size, 30s.

The Uwins, by Uwins House Warmers Ltd., Braeside, Dormers Park, East Grinstead. Sizes 16 or 18 in., 29s. 6d.



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To a Britain jubilant over its atomic-power successes came the shock of Windscale. The reactor, born of twelve years' astonishing progress, was on fire... threatening to blanket the nation in a radioactive pall. Had we raced on too fast? Or was this a timely check in our fight for atomic supremacy? **LIONEL DAVIDSON** sums up...



Windscale, 1957. A helicopter stands by to measure the deadly radioactive cloud that escaped

The bitter lesson of



THE accident at Windscale on October 10, 1957, led to the loss of equipment valued at £7½ million, added several millions more to the British nuclear programme, and held back experimental work for up to a year.

This was on the debit side. On the credit side, it was possibly the most timely accident ever to occur in this country. For it revealed, at exactly the right moment, a state of affairs that could have led to a national disaster.

The trouble began on the morning of Tuesday, October 8, when the physicist on duty at No. 1 reactor came to the conclusion that the pile was cooling. In fact, only one part was cooling; another was overheating. There were insufficient instruments to make this plain, and the physicist did not have with him the pile-operating manual which laid down a procedure for clarifying the position.

He therefore merely increased the heat to bring the overall temperature to the right level, and went off duty.

During successive shifts the pile temperature crept slowly up. Whenever it exceeded the overall maximum, cooling procedures were applied. There was no alarm. Windscale was considered a safe plant. There seemed no possibility of radiation escaping.

At noon on Thursday, however, out of a pearly grey sky came the first of

a series of shocks that was to make the weekend a nightmare. Instruments on the meteorological office roof, well away from the reactor building, suddenly began to record intense radioactivity.

Suspecting a burst uranium slug, the duty shift switched on the scanner, a large machine designed to detect an excess of radiation in any particular part of the pile.

This brought the second shock. The scanner jammed. It had jammed before, months ago, but had righted itself and no repairs had been thought necessary. It didn't right itself this time.

Tremendous risk

With the outside radiation level ominously increasing, the duty shift faced an unpleasant decision. There was only one other way of identifying precisely the affected fuel channel. That was for someone to open a loading hatch at the hottest part of the reactor and look inside.

No human being ever looked into the heart of a reactor before. The risk to the head and eyes was obviously great. The channel with the burst slug *had* to be identified, however. Volunteers were called for, and found.

Between themselves they worked out a procedure. The hatch cover could be removed by the uranium loading machine, remotely controlled. Each hatch gave access to four channels. To limit the risk, each man would look at only one channel—and try to keep exposure down to three or four seconds.

By half past four the men were ready in goggles and protective clothing and the loading machine in position. The works manager discreetly telephoned the surgery warning that severe

Nuclear scientists examine temperature recorders at No. 1 reactor. These did not show that while one part of the pile was cooling another was dangerously hot



unchecked from the air stack after the fire. And while cows graze peacefully in the meadow,

thousands of gallons of contaminated milk are poured away

the Windscale disaster

exposure cases might have to be dealt with. The hatch cover was removed.

After one horrified look inside, the volunteers signalled urgently for it to be replaced. The uranium was red hot. The reactor was on fire.

The executive staff was at once thrown into confusion. There was no precedent for dealing with a uranium fire. After a hurried consultation the works general manager ordered the affected slugs to be ejected instantly. This brought the next shock. The slugs couldn't be ejected. They had distorted with the heat. They were wedged immovably in the channels.

For the rest of the afternoon and night, attempts were made to shift the wedged slugs. Carbon-dioxide gas was brought from Calder and pumped in to try to reduce the heat. Surrounding channels were cleared. Nothing succeeded. The uranium got hotter. One hundred and fifty channels were affected.

At midnight the works general manager came to an agonizing decision. If all else failed, water would have to be hosed in to the reactor. The effect of thousands of gallons of cold water in the hot reactor would be to destroy it; Windscale, Britain's first production pile, would be sealed for generations.

The Chief Constable of Cumberland was warned of the possibility of a public emergency. The workers were ordered to assemble in the canteen with face masks on.

At 3.44 a.m. the hoses were coupled. But the works general manager could not bring himself to give the order, and sweated out a few hours more. By seven o'clock it was obvious there was nothing else for it; but since the shifts were due to change over at eight he

waited, to avoid unnecessary confusion.

At five minutes to nine on Friday, October 11, with the new shift under cover and masked, the water was finally turned on. The great heart of the unique furnace, so meticulously constructed, leaped and buckled. That was the end of the Windscale reactor.

It was not the end of the Windscale scare. That was just beginning.

While the workers sat, masked, in the canteen and the top staff strove to save the reactor, an invisible cloud of radioactive material poured, unchecked, through the air stack. It was iodine-131, a by-product of uranium, which had vaporized in the intense heat. Nobody at the time knew this.

There are many types of radioactivity, each requiring different treatment. Although the increased level had been detected hours before and survey vans sent out to monitor the surrounding country, the exact type had not yet been identified.

Mass evacuation

The health physics manager feared it might be strontium-90, one of the deadliest forms; and began turning over frantic plans for mass-evacuation if necessary. For this reason, the first task of the survey vans was to define the area of contamination.

A providential change of wind in the night seemed to have kept the cloud in a narrow box along the coast. (This later proved to be two hundred square miles, although some radioactivity rose high and drifted as far as London; people there got a whole year's dose of radiation the following day.)

It was not until three o'clock on Saturday morning that the iodine was

identified, and although the knowledge brought some relief (radio-iodine has only a short active life) it posed many new problems.

No tolerable safe limit had been laid down for iodine-131. This was because it had only previously been produced in quantity close to the centre of an atom-bomb explosion; anybody that close would not have to worry about iodine-131.

Textbooks were hurriedly turned up and a series of emergency telephone calls brought professors tumbling out of bed all over the country. It was agreed that the main danger was to milk. The iodine would fall on grass. A grazing cow might pick it up, and transfer it during lactation.

This indicated that gravest hazard would be to young babies, who lived on milk. Iodine tends to concentrate in the thyroid, causing leukaemia. The safe limit had therefore to be keyed to the absorptive capacity of a baby's thyroid gland. It was set at .39 units per litre of milk.

The first milk samples showed .004 units per litre; the second an ominous increase to .48; the third, only two and a half hours later, .8 units. Officials of the Milk Marketing Board were hastily convened and ordered to stop all distribution over the contaminated area.

There followed a series of incidents which would not have disgraced an Ealing film. Lorries began shuttling there and back between farm and depot, with no one anxious to claim ownership of the condemned milk. The local branch of the National Farmers' Union also began making suspicious inquiries as to who would ultimately be paying for the milk.

All these difficulties were solved. The

milk was poured away for forty-two days. The Atomic Energy Authority footed the bill (just under £60,000) and also settled other claims, for contaminated clothing, loss of wages and nuisance.

For the claimants, that was the end of the Windscale incident. For the Atomic Energy Authority, it was very far from being that.

The United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority had enjoyed (under various names) ten marvellous years. In almost every one of them it had been able to reveal some fresh miracle of science and of British ingenuity.

Soaring prestige

The staff had grown from nothing to 30,000. The divisional heads had won knighthoods. The authority had the pick of the universities, and was regularly voted huge sums of money. Its prestige soared.

After the accident, all this was changed. The authority had said that Windscale was safe. Windscale had not been safe. Two committees were appointed—to investigate the accident and examine the organization.

The subsequent shock of their reports—among the most scathing ever issued in Britain—sent the authority reeling; two years later, it has still not entirely recovered.

Nuclear energy had developed too fast in Britain. Too many young scientists had been allowed to "bash on regardless." There were not enough instruments to guide them, or enough seniors giving orders. These were the findings of the committees.

The government, galvanized into action, took immediate steps. The



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Have we bungled our nuclear energy programme?

continued from previous page

authority's organization was drastically overhauled. Reactors ordered for the mammoth power programme were redesigned. And a new Bill was run rapidly through Parliament.

This laid down that operators of nuclear reactors must have a minimum insurance cover of £5 million against third party claims—and that such claims could be entertained up to thirty years after an accident to provide for unknown and delayed results.

This latter provision, with its mysterious and scarifying implications caused consternation in the insurance market—and inspired a crop of hopeful claims, as the authority's lawyers had gloomily expected.

A Welsh farmer said his herd of pedigree white cattle had started shedding hair in zebra stripes, and claimed compensation for extra vitamin feeding to bring them back into condition. Another farmer complained that the value of his property had dropped through being in the fall-out area.

More serious (and though unconnected with Windscale given equal prominence at the time) were the deaths through leukaemia of two men in one of the authority's factories, and the sudden blindness of another.

The authority denied liability in all cases—but quietly settled a number of them with *ex gratia* payments. Much more difficult, it found, was the job of nailing the hundreds of old wives' tales that had meanwhile begun to circulate.

Even today, two years after the accident, it is hard to separate fact from fiction in the Windscale fall-out stories.

Local farmers seem agreed that an unusually high proportion of still-born calves appeared the following spring, and that many normally "easy" cows had difficult deliveries.

Amateur botanists are equally certain that some changes took place in grass and trees. One of them, Captain V. Craven-Hodgson, of Millom, a few miles down the coast from Windscale, says: "Oak leaves changed shape and there were distortions of the maturing seed heads in grass, some of which turned a magnificent crimson."

Whatever the truth of these stories, the sum of them produced a sudden lack of enthusiasm for atomic energy

expensive, inefficient and dangerous."

In this atmosphere of doubt and criticism, the Atomic Energy Authority went into eclipse. After ten years of unparalleled achievement, it had made a mistake. It was paying for it in full.

Today, almost two years after the height of the anti-nuclear campaign, it is possible to examine some of the criticism in clearer perspective.

That Britain has no immediate need of nuclear reactors is true. A coal shortage has turned into a coal surplus—and over-hasty planning has brought into being a generation of atomic power stations before they are needed.

In the circumstances, they are an expensive luxury. They cost three times as much to build as conventional stations, and their fuel efficiency is low.

This is true, however, only in the short term. In the long term, they will be needed. For coal is bound to become scarcer and dearer while nuclear energy gets steadily cheaper. This is because the potential power of uranium has as yet scarcely been tapped.

Even with today's admittedly inefficient reactors, a ton of uranium produces as much heat as 30,000 tons of coal. With improved reactor design it could produce one million times the heat—for the same fuel bill. By 1990, it is calculated, nuclear power will cost .32d. per unit and coal power .82d.

Why Britain leads

In the same way, the charge that the country advanced too rapidly and "irresponsibly" into the field of nuclear energy, while again true, also has its brighter side. For although the spirit of "press on and damn the consequences" led ultimately to the Windscale accident, it also produced many of the ideas that have put Britain in the lead in nuclear engineering.

For despite all criticism, Britain is in the lead—by at least three years, according to Japanese and Italian buyers who turned down America's best reactor in favour of Britain's Calder Hall type.

Whether that lead can be maintained is another matter—and here critics are on firmer ground. For it has been achieved only with the Calder Hall type, and nobody can say whether this is the most useful type for the future.

American scientists believe that it definitely is not. They claim that Britain has wasted enormous sums in developing a reactor that nobody will want. For this huge type of installation is essentially for industrialized countries with large grid systems—and the main demand, the Americans believe, will be from under-developed countries.

Such countries would want small reactors to supply local power—and this is the field America has made her own.

Having calculated (more accurately than Britain as it turned out) that she would not herself need nuclear power for many years, America has gone all out to develop a small "packaged" reactor, a miniature power station that could be shipped complete anywhere in the world—and scoop tremendous dividends in ten or fifteen years' time.

To many people, therefore, it appears that Britain is on the wrong track for

High cost of safety

The enormous programme, originally planned to cost £300 million, and later £900 million, now looked like costing nearer £1,000 million as a result of the new built-in safety measures.

The coal famine, for which the reactors had been designed, had failed to materialize. So had all the expected foreign orders.

Indeed, conventional fuel interests now began an attack of their own—levelling awkward charges of political jiggery-pokery. Atomic planners, they said, had deliberately overlooked new techniques with coal and oil, and had rigged the figures in their own favour. Nuclear power could not hope to compete in price.

Added to this came a stream of "I-told-you-so's" from American scientists who had been saying that the Calder Hall type of reactor was "clumsy,



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The Inspector's comment (see page 18)



I've got a pretty good idea, too. Messner claims he went out to make a trunk call—at around half-past ten, according to the porter's evidence—but abandoned it because he had difficulty explaining himself to three women operators at the telephone exchange. Women operators? At that time of night? Three of them? You ask the G.P.O. what they think about that. I'd say that he cut the telephone line himself and then went out to dispose of the watches. It might have seemed a good idea to claim he had abandoned the call so that there would be no record of it. It would have been a better one still if he'd taken the trouble to find out more about our "inane" telephone operators.

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Black & White

the huge trade battles expected in the late nineteen-sixties and mid-seventies, and that the hundreds of millions of pounds of tax-payers' money is so much cash down the drain.

This is not a view shared entirely by the nuclear consortia—the groups of industrial firms who amalgamated to build atomic power stations. Although their grandiose dreams of erecting Calder Halls all over the world have faded, they foresee yet a different kind of demand in ten or fifteen years' time.

They argue that before a country is ready for nuclear power it must have at least a semi-skilled labour force. This labour force would be capable, under direction, of building the country's own nuclear power stations. What they expect to supply, therefore, is the direction and the materials.

In these two fields there is little doubt that Britain can maintain her lead.

Thus, almost imperceptibly, the two rival nuclear powers have taken up their position for the crucial trade battles of the nineteen-seventies. On the outcome might depend Britain's position as a great industrial power.

While nobody can yet say who will be proved right—the Americans with their miniature "ready-mades" or Britain with her giant Calder Halls and do-it-yourself-kits—British industrialists are not too gloomy. "always providing," as one of them said recently, "that we don't get too many more Windscales to frighten the customers."

Just what hazards remain to frighten the customers, experts are finding it hard to decide. Nobody knows, for a start, how long a reactor can usefully keep going before dangerous structural fatigue will set in. At the inquiry prior to the siting of the Trawsfynydd reactor, experts would commit themselves only to a range of twenty to forty years.

All, however, were agreed on one thing. When the reactor was "dead" it would have to be sealed up perhaps for centuries.

At Bradwell, Essex, where the first power station of the current programme is due to "go critical" next year, the expectation is that it will be shut down between 1980-1990—and will then be buried under a huge mound of earth.

Years of danger

If the idea is copied in other areas, the end of the century might well see a number of such radioactive burial mounds—with Keep Off signs for our grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

What dangers there might be for the present generation is a problem that baffles the experts still more. Even with the safety devices developed since Windscale it seems there are still risks.

Indeed, the Atomic Energy Authority's own director of engineering has himself said recently: "It would be wrong to assume that there could never be an accident. Provision must be made to limit its scope."

Limiting the scope of any really serious accident (Windscale, despite the upheaval, was classified as a minor one) could provide problems of such brain-reeling complexity that the authority

has just set up a large new department to deal with them.

Some indication of the tasks that might face it in a built-up area was provided a few years ago when a number of radium needles fell out of a case in a British hospital and began leaking radioactivity. Everything in the vicinity—brickwork, windows, frames, flooring, furniture, clothing—amounting in all to two tons of material, had to be collected, sealed in concrete crates and dumped in a disused Yorkshire pit.

The material could not be burned: it would produce radioactive smoke and ashes. There was no way of destroying it. It is still in the pit.

To reduce the likelihood of such action on a large scale, the government's policy remains to site the reactors in relatively remote coastal areas. But it accepts the view that there will always be some danger—and believes this is a risk that society must take.

Scramble for jobs

Just as the motor car has killed hundreds of thousands of people, so it has enriched the lives of millions more. Invariably, material progress for the majority has been achieved at the expense of a minority. This, nuclear supporters argue, is the case for the reactor.

Certainly, it is a case that people living near reactor sites seem willingly to have accepted. To the astonishment and dismay of nuclear critics, there has been no single instance of substantial local opposition to reactors.

At Bradwell, Berkeley, Hinkley Point, Dounreay and elsewhere, locals have rushed for jobs on the sites and tradesmen and local organizations have welcomed the prosperity to the areas.

At sites where reactors are actually working, such as Calder Hall, the welcome has been not only for the pay packet but for the stimulating new way of life brought by the influx of young scientists. Wherever reactors have "gone critical," multitudes of new societies have sprung up, literary, dramatic, sports, social, which locals have eagerly joined. In this way, the universities' top brain-power is being distributed all over the country.

Among the scientists themselves, there has never been any hesitation in welcoming atomic power; and there can be no mistaking the extraordinary and whole-hearted enthusiasm of the staff.

Because of the prestige of nuclear physics there is always a waiting list for jobs, however humble—and always the chance that a young man can dream up an idea that, even at this stage, could turn upside down all accepted theories and techniques. For in this newest branch of science, work is still at the frontier stage.

As with steam in an earlier industrial revolution, Britain has grasped the essential facts and gambled heavily. Because of the complexity of nuclear physics she has tended to put her money on a single horse. Nobody can say yet whether it will prove to be a winner—or what, in human terms, the ultimate cost will be.

THE END



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Leaping piper

continued from page 8

hills. He sipped another sup, unseen. He listened.

"The Phantom Piper!" Such music in that tone of awe, the Highland voice that floated up. "I never heard him, never ever in my life until the now. You, Lachy?"

The policeman did not speak. The supernatural would have him speechless, and no wonder, for the legend of the phantom piper was that if two lovers heard him play his last lament, their love was doomed.

That thought must have struck poor Bella too. "Och, dearie me," the piper heard her moan with catch of breath. "Och, mercy on us!"

THE piper had no merciful intention. He was staking all upon one last despairing throw. He sipped another sup. The blood coursed strongly in his veins. He no longer feared his fiery faithless Bella. *You wait till I get my hands on you*, he thought, and sipped a sup. The bottle clinked against the rock.

"What's that?"

"Just me," he said. "It's Phantom Piper Jock McVitie."

There was hush, no sound but the muted torrent in the Piper's Gorge, and then the Law spoke up. "Come you away down out of that, McVitie."

"Come you away up and get me," said the piper, and he laughed. He mocked the big policeman, too clumsy in his outsize boots to climb a tree, far less the Piper's Rock.

And now McKillop had the notebook out. "... Warn you that anything you say. ... Did you take this fish?" "Ay," the piper said.

"Three counts so far, then," said the constable with satisfaction. "One, poaching, to wit. ... Two, employing illegal means, to wit. ... Three, obstructing an officer in the execution of his duty, to wit. ..."

"Pipe down, you meddlesome Goliath."

"That's four: Employing abusive language, to wit. ... Come down, McVitie."

The piper sipped the last sup from his middling bottle—just enough, on

top of his earlier drams with Angus, to wet a piper's throstle. The piper lobbed it now at Constable McKillop.

"Don't, Jock!" cried Bella, her first comment and too late. The policeman saw it coming, and he turned. It struck him somewhere in the rear. He gave a piping yelp, ridiculous in so large a man. "Five," he recovered. "Drunk and disorderly, to wit. ... Six, offering violence, to wit. ... Climb down, McVitie. I arrest you in the name—"

"Don't make him, Lachy. He's in no fit state. He'll fall and kill himself."

"A damned good riddance that would be," said the policeman, sorely tried.

"I'll come on just the one condition," said the piper.

"An officer of the law is not empowered to accept conditions."

"I'm not asking you," the piper said. How strong he felt! How sure he felt! "I'm asking Bella. There's a braw lassie, Bella now. Just say it after me, and then I'll come—say: 'I love you, Jock McVitie, and I'll be your bride.'"

"I'll say no such thing. How can I be your bride? I hate you, Jock McVitie. Yes, I hate you." Oh, how passionately, with what vehemence, she cried those words: *I hate you!*

The piper stood now on that pinnacle. He swayed a little, but not much. Fifty feet below him was the blackly racing cleft, the Piper's Gorge. He filled his bag and spanked his bag and played the last part of that last lament again. He stopped. The air sighed out. "She hates me," said the piper. Gone now, the mocking ribaldry. The piper's voice was deadly sober. "If she hates me, then there's nowt that I can do but go the way the other piper went."

"Don't, Jock!" she wailed. "Oh, Jock. Please don't."

He expelled the air, emptied his piper's lungs completely. Then he filled his piper's lungs to their ultimate capacity, and then he jumped with pipes and all. As he fell, he heard the wild scream of his faithless Bella, lost to him. Then the waters took him.

It was not suicide. He had made a study of this place. His study told him that there were no obstacles under water, that the other piper must have drowned for lack of breath, that all a piper had to do was hold his breath

The big sleep

continued from page 19

in one hole there have been found several dozens each of slow-worms, adders, lizards and toads snuggling together. This defeats explanation, for lizards are the favourite food of adders.

Snails are peculiar in that they make a covering of lime over the opening of their shells and cement themselves in for the winter.

Nothing will make them do this except at what they consider the fit and proper time. Subjected to artificial cold in summer they refuse to enclose themselves; subjected to heat at the beginning of winter they are not deceived and cement themselves in as usual.

Some insects die in winter, but others, including many butterflies, hibernate in sheltered places. Flies get into crevices; young female wasps hang by their mouths from material such as curtains or sacks (the rest die) and mosquitoes cling to cellar walls.

In fact, insects hibernate almost anywhere. But no birds do so. They have solved the problem of food and seasons by migration.

One of the puzzles of hibernation is why certain animals do it while others, closely related to them, do not.

The hedgehog hibernates, and hibernates profoundly, but moles and shrews, to which it is related, do not. Hares and rabbits do not hibernate, although some, particularly the mountain hare, pass the winter in bitterly cold regions.

Dormice and hamsters hibernate, but not ordinary rats and mice; slugs and snails, but not earthworms.

The biggest puzzle, perhaps, is the

cause of the breakdown of the heat-regulating mechanism of warm-blooded creatures which enables them to hibernate at all.

Research is gradually throwing light on this. It has been known for some time that the very young (contrary to general assumption) can withstand cold better than their parents, though this applies more particularly to those young that are born blind and helpless; their heat regulation is undeveloped at the time of birth.

So young rats or cats will recover even after their body temperature has been reduced almost to freezing point, but

THE PAST—2

We cannot say the past is
best without surrendering
the future.

Sir Winston Churchill

their parents die when it falls below fifteen degrees centigrade.

It was assumed from this that adult non-hibernating mammals cannot survive if their temperature has fallen below this point, but it has now been shown that this is not so. Under experimental conditions, adult rats can be cooled to near freezing point and survive.

At nine degrees centigrade, the rat ceases to breathe; at six degrees its heart stops beating. But even after further reduction to two degrees it can still be revived.

Such experiments have led to cooling the body being practised in surgical



right through the gorge. What was a minute's holding breath to him?

Tossed, buffeted and pounded cruelly, the piper made that journey, and he floated in the Piper's Pool inert.

"Are you dead, Jock? Are you drowned, Jocky mine?"

"I'm fine," he panted, all in one piece, but feeling something less than fine. He swam ashore.

"You're a bad, bad laddie," Bella said. How softly did she speak to him, as she had spoken in the good old days!

"Give us a hand," he said, and so she helped him from the Piper's Pool, and then, wet as an otter as he was, he took Bella in his arms. Without a by-your-leave, he kissed her. She kissed him back.

Thunder of clodhoppers. "Will you come quietly? Or will I put the handcuffs on you?"

"He won't come at all, and you get off your marks, you Constable McKillop. And if you lay a single charge against my Jock, I'll . . . yes, I will!"

"I wouldn't try it, officer," the piper said. "I wouldn't. Not if I was you."

The policeman and the piper eyed

one another with the girl between them. "I'll see you in the morning," said the poor policeman. Was ever a bobby jilted in more cruel fashion? Constable McKillop picked up gaff and fish, his evidence, and went away.

"Oh, Jock, you're shivering," she said. "Here! I'll wring it out."

He took off his shirt and she wrung it out and she looked at him, her eyes dark pools of passion in the gloaming. "My," she said, returning his shirt to him, "you're braw. You're just the brawest wee cockaleekie of a man."

"Don't you say wee again to me," he said. "I've had enough of wee. Don't say it." He put on his shirt.

"I'll say what I've a mind to say." Those eyes flashed fire.

"Is that a fact?" the piper said. He took his Bella by her shoulders and he shook her. "From now on I'm the boss," he said. "No wife of mine is going to wear the trows, the trousers or the kilt. That settled?"

Bella nodded and she bit her lip, and then her lips were parted. "My goodness gracious, you're a strong we . . . you're a grand strong laddie."

The piper tucked his pipes below one arm, and put his other arm round Bella's waist. "You're a grand shape too," the piper said. "Like the bonniest egg-timer lassie in the whole wide world."

SHE laughed. She laughed and laughed at him, or with him—did it matter which? "I like fine to hear you laugh again," he said.

"I can the now," she said. "It's you I've loved the whole time through."

"That's fine," he said. What man could hope to understand the soft daft craters? "I'll get a week's extra leave, so we'll have time to have a real right marriage; then Berlin. Okay?"

"Yes, Jock," she said.

They dallied in the northern gloaming, which was almost spent. They dallied until the northern lights were playing in the sky. "It isn't tallness makes a man," she said.

"That's right," he said. "Forbye, a chap can't aye be wanting to be on his feet."

They went home, and one day soon the Glen made merry at the marriage of the piper to his dream.

THE END

© David Walker, 1959

operations on human beings, particularly for operations inside the brain and heart, which need less oxygen when cooled so that the blood flow is reduced.

The main difficulty in these experiments lay not so much in cooling the rat's body as in rewarming it afterwards. If general warmth was applied, however gradually, the demand of the tissues for oxygen was too great for the slowly recovering heart.

"This was overcome by first warming the heart region only, usually with a beam of light. The brain and central nervous system were thus oxygenated before the other tissues put in any demand.

This is what happens when hibernating animals awake. They begin to move their forelimbs very slowly. Then the forequarters shiver for a long period—shivering is a means of inducing warmth.

The foreparts warm up first so that the heart may send oxygenated blood to the brain and central nervous system. The rest of the tissues are warmed afterwards, when the heart is beating strongly enough to attend to them.

A form of hibernation occurs in summer, and enables animals to tide over periods of shortage of food and water caused by drought. It is known as aestivation.

As with hibernation the body functions of the sleepers almost cease. Aestivating frogs are often encountered in the tropics. When a pool begins to dry up the frog fills its bladder with water and swells up like a small balloon. Then it buries itself in mud and goes to sleep until the rains come.

Aestivation is often more prolonged than hibernation. The record probably goes to the snail. One Egyptian land snail found aestivating was kept in a

museum for four years before it returned to life.

Like frogs, some fishes bury themselves in mud when their pools begin to dry, and remain baked in hard clay until the waters return. The lung fish is an example.

I once saw one released from a chipped-out piece of what looked like rock. When placed in a basin of water, the porous clay began to disintegrate and soon the lung fish could be seen inside making feeble movements, which gradually increased until the fish was free and began to swim about. It had been entombed for nine months.

The processes of hibernation have shown the way to preserve animal cells and tissues which, when removed, can withstand intense cold without harm. The ovaries of a rat can be kept at a temperature of minus 190 degrees centigrade for more than a year, and still perform their functions when thawed and transplanted under the skin.

So far, however, it has not been possible to preserve a whole animal in this way, although as long ago as 1766 the scientist and surgeon, John Hunter, evolved the theory that it should be possible to prolong man's life by this means.

If, he said, a man was prepared to give up what would normally be the last ten years of his life, he could be kept frozen for a thousand years and awakened every century to hear the news.

Hunter's own experiments with animals eventually disillusioned him, but there is no apparent reason why, with advancing knowledge, such a feat should not become possible.

The stories of Rip van Winkle and the Sleeping Princess may not appear to be quite such fairy tales to future generations as they do to us.

THE END

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Cat among the pigeons

continued from page 18

nurse-companion to look after her; an elderly woman who is genuinely a mental patient with a confused mind, is not your mother at all. She has been your excuse for retiring from employment and from the circle of your friends.

"The three months this winter that you spent with your 'mother' when she had one of her 'bad turns' covers the time when you went out to Rafat—not as Ann Shapland but as Angelica di Toledo, a Spanish cabaret dancer. You occupied the room in the hotel next to that of Mrs. Sutcliffe and somehow you managed to see Bob Rawlinson conceal the jewels in the racket."

Then he went on: "You could not take the racket then, but you had read the labels on the Sutcliffe's luggage and it was easy to find out something about them. To obtain a secretarial post here was not difficult.

"It all seemed quite easy, did it not? You would go out at night to the sports pavilion, and abstract the jewels from the tennis racket.

"But you had not reckoned with Miss Springer. She followed you out there and you shot her. Later, Mademoiselle Blanche tried to blackmail you, and you killed her. It comes naturally to you, does it not, to kill?"

He stopped. In a monotonous official voice, Kelsey cautioned his prisoner.

Ann Shapland did not listen. Turning towards Hercule Poirot, she burst out in a low-pitched flood of invective that startled everyone in the room.

Miss Johnson had been kneeling by Miss Chadwick.

"I'm afraid she's badly hurt," she said. "She'd better not be moved until the doctor comes."

Inspector Kelsey sounded puzzled. "Well, we've got Shapland cold for the murder of Springer. But look here, Poirot, I still can't see how she can have killed Miss Vansittart. It's physically impossible. She's got a cast-iron alibi—unless the whole staff of the club where she was that night are in it with her."

Kelsey, Poirot and Miss Bulstrode had moved into another room. The doctor was with Miss Chadwick, but he had already shaken his head and said there was nothing he could do.

Poirot shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "Her alibi is perfectly good. She killed Miss Springer and Mademoiselle Blanche. But Miss Vansittart—he hesitated for a moment, his eyes going to where Miss Bulstrode sat listening to them—"Miss Vansittart was killed by Miss Chadwick."

"Miss Chadwick?" exclaimed Miss Bulstrode and Kelsey together.

"I think," said Poirot, "Miss Chadwick loved Meadowbank too much."

"I see..." said Miss Bulstrode. "Yes, yes, I see... I ought to have known." She paused. "You mean that she—"

"I mean," said Poirot, "that she started here with you, that all along she has regarded Meadowbank as a joint venture between you both. When you began to talk of retiring, she regarded herself as the person to take over."

"But she was far too old," objected Miss Bulstrode.

"Yes," said Poirot, "she was too old and she was not suited to be a headmistress. But she herself did not think so. She thought that, when you went, she would be headmistress of Meadowbank. . . . And then she found that that was not so. That you were considering Eleanor Vansittart. She loved Meadowbank and she did not like Eleanor Vansittart. I think in the end she hated her."

"The last straw was when you left Eleanor Vansittart in charge of the school the weekend that Shaista's impostor staged her own kidnapping."

"And this is what I think happened. On that Sunday night Miss Chadwick was restless, she got up and she saw the light in the sports pavilion."

"She picked up one of the sandbags

from the pile in the hall and went out there all ready to deal with a burglar. She had the sandbag ready in her hand to defend herself if attacked. And what did she find? She found Eleanor Vansittart kneeling down looking in a locker, and she thought, 'if I were a marauder, a burglar, I would come up behind her and strike her down.' And as the thought came into her mind she raised the sandbag and struck, and there was Eleanor Vansittart dead, out of her way."

"She was appalled then, I think, at what she had done. It has preyed on her ever since—for she is not a natural killer, Miss Chadwick."

"I don't really understand what

not recognize a sketch of Mademoiselle Blanche with a different hair style. Still less, then, would she have recognized Ann Shapland, whom, as your secretary, she seldom saw close to."

"You think that the woman who brought her the new racket was Ann Shapland herself."

"Yes. It has been a one-woman job all through. Ann Shapland was accustomed to quick disguise. In this case it only needed a fair wig, differently pencilled eyebrows, a 'fussy' dress and hat."

"About Miss Rich—I wonder. . . ."

Miss Bulstrode looked thoughtful. Poirot gave Inspector Kelsey a look and the inspector said he must be getting along.

"Miss Rich?" said Miss Bulstrode.

"Send for her," said Poirot.

Eileen Rich appeared. She was white-faced and slightly defiant.

"You want to know," she said to

anyone who knew me. I came back to this country and the child was born—dead. I came back this term and I hoped that no one would ever know. . . ." She paused, and then said in a matter-of-fact voice: "Would you like me to leave now? Or wait until the end of term?"

"You'll stay till the end of the term," said Miss Bulstrode, "and if there is a new term here, which I still hope, you'll come back."

"Come back?" said Eileen Rich. "Do you mean you still want me?"

"Of course I want you," said Miss Bulstrode. "You had a love affair and a child. You wanted to have that child."

"Yes," said Eileen Rich. "Yes, I wanted to have it."

"So that's that," said Miss Bulstrode. "Now I'm going to tell you something. I believe that in spite of this love affair your real vocation in life is teaching."

"Oh yes," said Eileen Rich. "I'm sure of that. That's the real passion of my life."

"Then don't be a fool," said Miss Bulstrode. "I'm making you a very good offer." Her voice changed as she saw the doctor at the door. "And now . . . I must go to Chaddy."

"Is there any hope?" Miss Rich asked.

"None, my dear. She is dying. She gave her life for me and Mrs. Upjohn: I must be with her at the end."

HERCULE POIROT'S manservant knocked and said: "A Mr. Robinson has called to see you, sir."

"Ah!" said Poirot. He stretched out his hand and picked up a letter from the desk in front of him. He looked down on it thoughtfully. "Show him in, Georges."

The letter was only a few lines:

Dear Poirot,

A Mr. Robinson may call upon you in the near future. You may already know something about him. Quite a prominent figure in certain circles. I believe, if I may so put it, that he is, in this particular matter, on the side of the angels. This is just a recommendation, if you should be in doubt.

Yours ever, Ephraim Pikeaway.

Poirot laid down the letter and rose as Mr. Robinson came into the room. He bowed, shook hands, indicated a chair.

Mr. Robinson sat, pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his large yellow face. He observed that it was a warm day.

Poirot nodded sympathetically.

"I was interested to hear," he went on, "but, of course, one hears so many things—most of them quite untrue—that you had been concerning yourself with the affairs of a girls' school."

"Ah," said Poirot. "That." He leaned back in his chair.

"Meadowbank," said Mr. Robinson thoughtfully. "Quite one of the premier schools of England."

"It is a fine school."

"Is? Or was?"

"I hope the former."

"I hope so, too," said Mr. Robinson. "But one must admit that events have taken place there that might well shake the nerves of fond mammas—and papas also. The games mistress, the French mistress, and yet another mistress—all murdered."

"It is hard to understand that such a young woman should have been responsible for these cold-blooded killings," Mr. Robinson said. "But, of course, she was tempted by a very big prize." He leaned forward and added softly: "Where are they, Monsieur Poirot?"

"I think you know where they are."

"Well, frankly, yes. Banks are such useful institutions, are they not?"

Poirot smiled.

"We needn't beat about the bush really, need we, my dear fellow? What are you going to do about them?"

"I have been waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"Shall we say—for suggestions?"

"Yes—I see."

"You understand they do not belong to me. I would like to hand them over to the person they do belong to. But

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

- A. . . . who was then the gentleman?
(4, 4, 6, 3, 3, 4).

CLUES ACROSS

- A. Fine oak for panelling.
B. Short stroke for joining words.
C. A call for repetition.
D. Ancient Scandinavian.
E. Person with white hair and skin.
F. A couplet.
G. Acetyl-salicylic acid tablet.
H. Fruit of East Indian tree.
I. Garden flower of a Mexican genus.
J. Nobleman.
K. Actual representation (4-4).
L. One skilled in works of art.
M. Large jug.
N. Plain clothes policeman.
O. District of southern Spain.
P. Originally, William Morris.
Q. Figured linen.
R. Imaginary golden land (2, 6).
S. Musical term for lively.
T. German town containing Krupps' works.
U. Jewish place of worship.
V. Flightless sea-bird of southern hemisphere.
W. Small dairy cow.
X. Title of Prince of Hyderabad.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	

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BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

Freda Boston was making flaky pastry. First she made a layer of pastry 12 inches square, then covered it with a layer of lard and another square of pastry. She rolled out the sandwich to twice its original width, cut this into two squares and laid one on top of the other. She again rolled the square out to twice its width, cut and piled the two squares.

Altogether, she repeated this operation 16 times. How many layers of lard were there in the final pastry?

HOW MANY LARD LAYERS WERE THERE?

Eleanor Vansittart was doing in the pavilion," said Miss Bulstrode.

"I think one could make a guess. She was probably far more concerned over the disappearance of Shaista than she allowed to appear on the surface. In a way it was worse for her, because she had been left by you in charge—and the kidnapping had happened whilst she was responsible. And I think she went out quietly to the sports pavilion to make an examination of Shaista's locker in case there might be some clue there to the girl's disappearance."

"You seem to have explanations for everything, Monsieur Poirot. So perhaps you will tell me now what was the point of Eileen Rich's sketches?"

"I wanted to test the child Jennifer's ability to recognize a face. I soon satisfied myself that Jennifer was too pre-occupied by her own affairs. She did

Miss Bulstrode, "what I was doing in Rafat?"

"I think I have an idea," said Miss Bulstrode.

"Just so," said Poirot. He added that he, too, must be getting along, and slipped out.

"That was it, wasn't it?" said Miss Bulstrode. Her voice was brisk and businesslike. "Jennifer merely described it as fat. She didn't realize it was a pregnant woman she had seen."

"Yes," said Eileen Rich. "That was it. I was going to have a child."

"I didn't want to give up my job here. I carried on all right through the autumn, but after that it was beginning to show."

"I got a doctor's certificate that I wasn't fit to carry on, and I pleaded illness. I went abroad to a remote spot where I thought I wasn't likely to meet



"It's all right for those who can spend half the morning in bed..."

that, if I appraise the position correctly, is not so simple. There is considerable doubt as to who has prior claim on them."

"Exactly. That is why I have come to propose that you should hand them over to me."

"Ah," said Poirot. "Why?"

"I can give you some excellent reasons. These jewels—mercifully we are not officials, we can call things by their right names—were unquestionably the personal property of the late Prince Ali Yusuf."

"I understand that is so."

"His Highness handed them over to Squadron Leader Robert Rawlinson with certain instructions. They were to be got out of Rafat, and they were to be delivered to me."

"Have you proof of that?"

"Certainly."

Mr. Robinson drew a long envelope from his pocket. Out of it he took several papers. He laid them before Poirot on the desk.

Hercule Poirot bent over the papers

THE PAST—3

Events in the past may be roughly divided into those which probably never happened and those which do not matter.

W. R. Inge

and studied them with the greatest care.

"It seems to be as you say."

"Well, then?"

"Do you mind if I ask a question?"

"Not at all."

"What do you, personally, get out of this?"

Mr. Robinson looked surprised.

"My dear fellow. Money, of course. Quite a lot of money."

Poirot looked at him thoughtfully.

"It is a very old trade," said Mr. Robinson. "And a lucrative one. There are quite a lot of us, a network all over the globe. We are, how shall I put it, the arrangers behind the scenes. For kings, for presidents, for politicians, for all those, in fact, upon whom the fierce light beats, as a poet has put it. We work in with one another, and remember this: we keep faith. Our profits are large but we are honest. Our services are costly—but we do render service."

"I see," said Poirot. "Eh bien! I agree to what you ask."

MR. ROBINSON'S eyes just rested for a moment on Colonel Pikeaway's letter where it lay at Poirot's right hand. "I can assure you that that decision will please everyone."

"But just one little moment," Poirot said. "I am human. I have curiosity. What are you going to do with these jewels?"

Mr. Robinson looked at him. Then

his large yellow face creased into a smile. He leaned forward.

"I shall tell you."

He told him.

Children were playing up and down the street. Their raucous cries filled the air. Mr. Robinson, alighting ponderously from his Rolls, was cannoned into by one of them. Mr. Robinson put the child aside with a not unkindly hand and peered up at the number on the house.

NUMBER fifteen. This was right. He pushed open the gate and went up the three steps to the front door. Neat white curtains at the windows, he noted, and a well-polished brass knocker. An insignificant little house in an insignificant street in an insignificant part of London, but it was well kept. It had self-respect.

The door opened. A girl of about twenty-five, pleasant-looking, with a kind of fair chocolate-box prettiness, welcomed him with a smile.

"Mr. Robinson? Come in."

She took him into the small sitting-room. A television set, cretonnes of a Jacobean pattern. She had on a dark skirt and a grey pullover.

"You'll have some tea?"

"Thank you, but no. I never drink tea. And I can only stay a short time. I have only come to bring you what I wrote to you about."

"There isn't—there couldn't be—any hope? I mean—it's really true—that Ali was killed? There couldn't be any mistake?"

"I'm afraid there was no mistake," said Mr. Robinson gently.

"No—no, I suppose not. Anyway, when he went back there, I didn't think really I'd ever see him again. I don't mean I thought he was going to be killed or that there would be a revolution. I just mean—well, you know—he'd have to carry on, do his stuff—what was expected of him. Marry one of his own people—all that."

Mr. Robinson drew out a package and laid it down on the table.

"Open it, please."

Her fingers fumbled a little as she unfolded the final covering...

She drew her breath in sharply.

Red, blue, green, white, all sparkling with fire, with life, turning the dim little room into Aladdin's cave...

Mr. Robinson watched her. He had seen so many women look at jewels.

She said at last in a breathless voice: "Are they—they can't be—real?"

"They are real."

"But they must be worth—they must be worth..."

Her imagination failed.

Mr. Robinson nodded.

"If you wish to dispose of them, you can probably get at least half a million pounds for them."

"No—no, it's not possible." Suddenly she scooped them up in her hands and rewrapped them with shaking fingers.

"I'm scared," she said. "They frighten me. What am I to do with them?"

The door burst open. A small boy

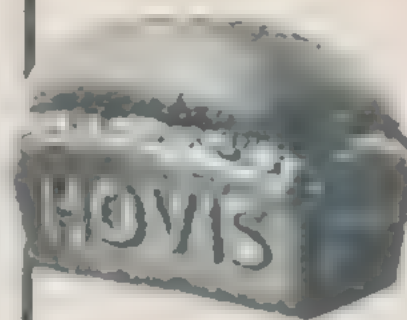


When I'm grown-up

and get married, I'll have ten children and then we'll be twelve. We'll need a lot of Hovis each week, but my mummy says it's well worth that little bit extra.

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DACHSIE



continued from page 33

rushed in. "Mum, I got a smashing tank off Billy. He—"

He stopped, staring at Mr. Robinson. An olive-skinned, dark-eyed boy.

His mother said: "Go in the kitchen, Allen, your tea's all ready."

"Oh good." He departed noisily.

She flushed. "It was the nearest name to Ali. I couldn't call him Ali—too difficult for him." Her face clouded over again: "Oh, what am I to do?"

"First, have you got your marriage certificate?"

She stared a moment, then went over to a small desk. From one of the drawers she brought out an envelope.

"Him . . . yes . . . Registrar of Edmondstow . . . Ali Yusuf, student . . . Alice Calder, spinster. . . Yes, all in order."

"Oh, it's legal all right—as far as it goes. And no one ever tumbled to who he was. There's so many of these foreign Moslem students, you see. We

knew it didn't mean anything really. He was a Moslem and he could have more than one wife, and he knew he'd have to go back and do just that.

"We talked about it. But Allen was on the way, you see, and he said this would make it all right for him—we were married all right in this country and Allen would be legitimate. It was the best he could do for me. He really did love me, you know. He really did."

"Yes," said Mr. Robinson. "I am sure he did." He went on briskly: "Now, supposing that you put yourself in my hands. I will see to the selling of these stones. And I will give you the address of a lawyer."

"He will advise you, I expect, to put most of the money in a trust fund. And there will be other things, education for your son, and a new way of life for you. You'll want social education and guidance. You're going to be a very rich woman and all the sharks and confidence tricksters will be after you."

"Your life's not going to be easy

except in the purely material sense. Rich people don't have an easy time in life, I can tell you—I've seen too many of them to have that illusion. But you've got character. I think you'll come through. And that boy of yours may be a happier man than his father." Mr. Robinson paused. "You agree?" "Yes. Take them." She pushed them towards him, then said suddenly: "That schoolgirl—the one who found them—I'd like her to have one of them. Which do you think she'd like?"

MR. ROBINSON reflected. "An emerald, I think—green for mystery. A good idea of yours. She will find that very thrilling." He rose to his feet. "I shall charge you for my services, you know," said Mr. Robinson. "My charges are high. But I shan't cheat you."

"No," she said, "I don't think you will. And I need someone who knows about business, because I don't."

"You seem a very sensible woman, if I may say so. Now then, I'm to take

these? And you don't want even one?" He watched her with curiosity, the sudden flicker of excitement, the hungry, covetous eyes—and then the flicker died.

"No," said Alice. "I won't keep—even one." She flushed. "Oh, I dare say that seems daft to you—not to keep just one big ruby or an emerald; just as a keepsake. But you see, he and I—he was a Moslem, but he let me read bits now and again out of the Bible. And we read that bit—about a woman whose price was above rubies. And so—I won't have any jewels."

"A most unusual woman," said Mr. Robinson to himself as he walked down the path and into his waiting Rolls. He nodded to himself. "A most unusual woman. . . ."

THE END

© Agatha Christie Ltd., 1959

"Cat Among The Pigeons" is to be published as a novel by Collins early in November. Price 12s. 6d.

The REAL Montgomery

continued from page 15

he wrote rarely to his own mother. He could take quite a bit of adulation from women in the mass, even when it only came by post.

Fan mail began to arrive by the sackful at the little headquarters. Every letter had to be carefully answered in long hand by one or other of the A.D.C.s. He received many proposals of marriage that seemed both to flatter and amuse him. They were all kept carefully in a big file, along with the photographs that were also often sent. After Alamein, his A.D.C.s grew bored with triumphant entries into captured cities. They decided to liven things up. It was not hard for them to arrange a gayer entry when they captured Sousse.

"As the car stopped two pretty French girls stepped forward with huge bouquets. Instead of bobbing a low curtsy, however, one well-schooled young lady put her lips to Monty and said: "Kiss me!" The second said: "Kiss me, too!"

"There was only one thing to do," said Monty, "and every photographer was poised ready."

The Field Marshal, in his memoirs, described the incident as "the most embarrassing moment in my life."

"He loved it," say the A.D.C.s. "Nobody got a rocket."

It surprised the men living closely with him to see, as the tensions of the desert war were ending, that a sadness seemed to fall on Monty. It was, and he has said so, a supremely happy time for him. He missed the uncomplicated, clean, simple life of the desert.

Living with Monty was never a safe and cushy job. To force the pace of the advance in Italy he began to use his formation sign, Tac 35, that always marked his camp and home, as a kind of banner; he would set up his little camp well in advance of some division he considered needed encouragement. The thought that the commander was ahead of them, well within range of enemy artillery, was usually hint enough and more than a proud division could stand.

Monty's A.D.C.s, Poston, Henderson

and Chavasse, realized that "Master" was forced to play all sorts of tricks to speed up the pace of his army's advance through the mud and mountains.

Monty was thought to be responsible for an announcement in a press communiqué that the New Zealanders had captured a certain well-defended Italian town. When he visited them, still with the town uncaptured, he said: "Why, this is terrible! I heard the B.B.C. say last night that you had captured the place. I don't know how we can possibly make a correction; I should hate to have to announce that it was an error and that the New Zealanders just hadn't been able to pull it off. Denials always sound so very, very bad!"

The town was captured that day.

One more river . . .

Fighting in Italy might be successful but it brought none of the rewards of success. This was not the desert; there could be no follow through; there was always one more river and one more range of mountains to cross.

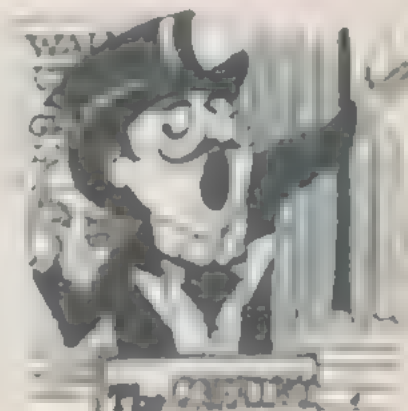
For a long time in Italy, when governors' palaces could have been his, Monty insisted upon pitching his small camp well outside the towns away from the flesh-pots and the distractions. It was not until he reached Taormina, in Sicily, that Tac H.Q. was in town and under a roof for the first time. Monty had a villa there and a garden where he kept a few peacocks.

But he was uneasy. One evening he had General David Belchem, his operations chief, with him in the car and they stopped in the dusk to look over the town and the rich surrounding countryside.

"Master" sniffed the orange groves, the wistaria.

"David," Monty said, "this place speaks of other things than war. Drive me down again and let's get on with the job."

NEXT WEEK: With Monty in the Normandy invasion



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME

Full Postal ADDRESS

Starke's guide to correct wear



"For the man in a hurry there is a wide range of ready-to-wear clothes available nowadays"

So you want to write a pop song

continued from page 11

to rules of its own. "Mine" is generally acknowledged to go with "time," and "love" with "of." This is probably because the word "love" is so persistent that such obvious rhymes as "dove," "glove" and "above" tend to be expended in a couple of verses.

Some writers have discovered the knack of composing hit songs only to lose it again as suddenly as they found it. Harry Leon, who wrote twenty-two top songs in twenty-eight years—including "Sally," "Goodbye Hawaii," "Broken-Hearted Clown," "What More Can I Say?" "Little Drummer Boy" and "Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major"—is still composing tunes in his fifties. But he has not had another hit for years.

Such is the unpredictability of the profession that Tin Pan Alley will not be surprised if Leon is among the "star" writers of the sixties.

Writing a hit song is difficult. Convincing a publisher that you've written one sometimes seems impossible. In 1936 I wrote a song entitled "Horsey, Horsey" which was turned down flat by almost every publisher in London. Eventually I sold it, gratefully, for £2 10s.

More than a year later, when the firm had done nothing with it, I bought it back and resold it to a new company for an advance of £10. Again, it lay about in the office.

One day, quite by chance, a member of Henry Hall's orchestra picked it up, played it, liked it, and persuaded his chief to do it on the radio. Twenty-two years after I wrote it, I am now

earning £1 a week in royalties from the song.

Jack Taylor and Bob Musel, the composers of the hit tune, "Band Of Gold," hawked their creation round Britain for two years without success before a visiting publisher heard it and took it to New York. Later, it became a best-seller on both sides of the Atlantic.

And Dick Mullan, who wrote the words to "My September Love," had such a hard time trying to sell his talent that he left London, broke, in 1953, to try his luck abroad.

The top people of London's Tin Pan Alley are among the most conservative business men in the world. When Lou Preager and his orchestra broadcast the winning numbers in a song contest sponsored by the Hammersmith Palais de Danse a few years ago, seven of Britain's leading publishers were in the studio. After the broadcast they left, impassively. They had not heard anything they considered worth publishing.

Twice a smash-hit

Then one of them came back. "You've changed your mind," said Preager.

"No," replied the publisher. "I forgot my overcoat."

Preager was impressed by the winning tune, "Cruising Down The River," a waltz written by a pair of middle-aged women who played in a restaurant orchestra. "Take the music," he said. "If you lose money on it, I'll foot the bill myself."

"Cruising Down The River" sold more than three-quarters of a million copies in this country. Three years later it was revived in America and became a hit for the second time.

Frustration can turn pop writers into cranks. One man phoned the Finsbury Park Empire during a performance that included the song, "Here In My Heart," and claimed that he was the composer. He demanded £100 straight-away, for the performing rights.

Police who traced the caller to a hostel near Tower Bridge decided that he was eccentric but harmless. A few days later he arrived in Denmark Street and hurled stones through half a dozen windows.

He is not the only person who has wanted to do so. At least one enterprising musician has cashed in on the frustrated pop writer that lurks inside hundreds of thousands of people. Patiently, and with as much enthusiasm as he can muster, he records their songs while they wait.

For about £1 a time they can preserve for posterity the smash hits Tin Pan Alley failed to appreciate. THE END

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling

See page 32

After the first operation Freda had two layers of lard, and after the second operation she had twice as many, or 2² layers. After the third operation she had again twice as many, or 2³. Hence, after 16 operations she would have 2¹⁶ layers. To work this out easily: 2¹⁰ is 1,024, and 2⁶ is 64. Therefore 2¹⁶ is 1,024 × 64, or 65,536 layers.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: No, there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. (Thomas Moore.)

Clue Down: When Adam delved and Eve span.

Clues Across: (A) Wainscot; (B) Hyphen; (C) Encore; (D) Norse; (E) Albino; (F) Distich; (G) Aspirin; (H) Mango; (I) Dahlia; (J) Earl; (K) Life-size; (L) Virtuoso; (M) Ewer; (N) Detective; (O) Andalusia; (P) Nuffield; (Q) Damask; (R) El Dorado; (S) Vivace; (T) Essen; (U) Synagogue; (V) Penguin; (W) Alderney; (X) Nizam.

The big Nevada gamble

continued from page 22

their coffee-cans. After that, she stood against the wall of the house, with her hands clenched.

Once again, as a gesture, Roge allowed John to throw first for the ring, from a line five feet away. He whose shooter came closest to the edge of the ring would be the first to shoot.

Fiercely and proudly, John measured the distance and threw his shooter as if it were a lance. It came within an inch of the ring.

Roge's heart seemed to shrink when he held his shooter and looked at the ring. If he was going to hold things down and slow, he had to get closer to the ring than John. Then he would have to take marbles out slowly, one by one if possible, and never miss. Because as long as you could knock a marble out, you owned the ring. But how could he get closer than John?

Yellow Eyes was still calling out, and it gave Roge courage. He had won Yellow Eyes from a Piute, hadn't he? He forced himself to look as brave and confident as John, and tossed his marble. The Indians looked and lifted their heads and said: "Ho!" For John was the closer.

Swaggering, John knuckled to his marble on the edge of the ring. He snapped his big shooter into the cross of marbles in the ring, shattering it, and four marbles burst out of the ten-foot circle. He walked around the ring, gathering them one by one and putting them into his shirt pocket. With a

THE PAST—4

The past always looks better than it was. It's only pleasant because it's not here.

Finley Peter Dunne

triumphant look at Roge, he knuckled again and took aim. He concentrated, and the heads of the other Indians bent forward. Suddenly Roge saw John's hand lift, and cried: "Knuckle down!"

The Indians grunted. John wiped his hand, and knuckled his forefinger into the dirt. He took aim on a blue and white clay marble and shot it from the ring with a sound like an arrow thunging from the string.

FIVE. Roge's heart was like the hard slap of a dance caller's palm. **Six.** **Seven.** **Eight.** The game would be over when John shot eleven marbles from the ring. Roge looked at the slipping sun and tried to hear the beat of cowboys' horses. If John won, there would be no further parley. The Indians would mount and take Meg with them. Yes, when Pa got home, he and the hands would trail the Indians and would find them; but the Piutes would be resentful and anything could happen to Meg before the cowboys closed in.

Nine.

John was savage. His breath came hard and stiff from his nostrils. Suddenly Yellow Eyes growled long, and was silent. The horses of the Indians stamped and turned to each side. Meg seemed smaller and lost against the house. The wind lay flat on the land, and the sun ate the coldness of afternoon. "Ah," said an Indian. John leaned over his shooter as if he were scalping an enemy.

John shot, and his shooter struck the selected marble and lifted it and it

rolled and fell into a little depression in the dirt, and did not leave the circle. It moved and settled, and a hushed murmur came from the Indians. Now it was Roge's turn.

He could not miss. Not even once. He picked up a forgotten can of coffee and drank long from it. He stood up and regarded his position. The Indians did not demur. They knew his danger and appreciated it with him. "Ho," said the old one, as Roge aimed.

One.

He could not miss. Not even once. **Two.**

ROGE felt the late burning of the sun on his neck. He no longer listened for the shod metallic running of the horses of white men. Now he was at war, all by himself.

Three.

He must not miss.

Around him was an intensity of breathing, the wonder and suspense of the Piutes.

Four. "Ho," said John, in appreciation.

Roge rose stiffly and stepped from the ring. He walked to Meg and kissed her on the cheek. Her cheek was icy. He was no longer deliberate just for the sake of saving or earning time. He was in combat with the Piute, and he must do the best he could.

Five.

Six.

And then seven and eight and nine. There were two marbles left in the ring. If Roge knocked them out, he would win. If he missed now, John would have another chance.

The sun was sinking. The wind came again, nipping in the corridors of the buildings, corrals and pens. The Indians stood up. The wind made Roge's hands feel cold. Tension made his tendons ache. His fingers felt stiff.

Roge turned to John, and offered him the white man's handshake. John accepted it. The tension was burning like a flaming tree on the hills in darkness.

Roge no longer felt like a boy, and the Indians were not fools. Together they gambled in a child's way, but with pure, savage belief in it. Together they strained, in a heart-burning suspense and delight. The Indians bent forward and moaned in their blankets.

Ten!

"Ho," said John quietly.

Eleven. And Roge had won.

There was a long silence. Meg pushed herself away from the wall and took the pans of doughnuts and wrapped them in the canvas that had hidden the gun. She handed them to the old Indian. The Indians mounted.

John said: "Hear me, earth. The game was good."

In a thunder they went.

Roge and Meg embraced, and Yellow Eyes raised his voice. And the sound of horses came to them. Soon Pa and the hands were milling in the yard, Pa brandishing a rifle, calling down to them: "We saw Indians. You all right?"

"Reckon so," said Roge.

Pa got off his horse and faced him. "We saw Indians. Son, what were those Indians doing here?"

Meg was lighting the pits for the dinner.

"Played a game of marbles," said Roge. Meg turned and they grinned at each other.

"Marbles?" said their pa. "Marbles? I swear, them Indians is like children. I swear."

THE END

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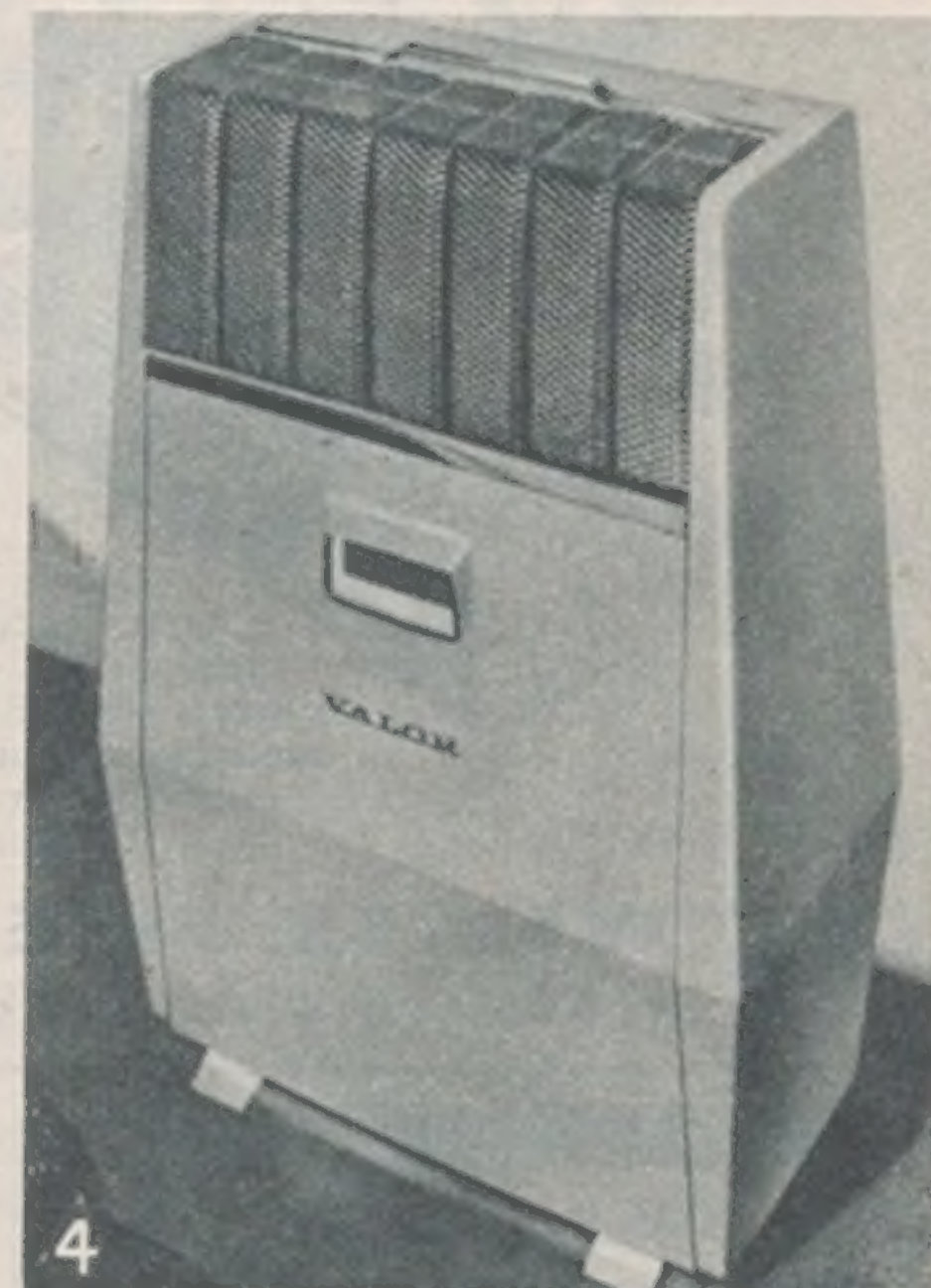
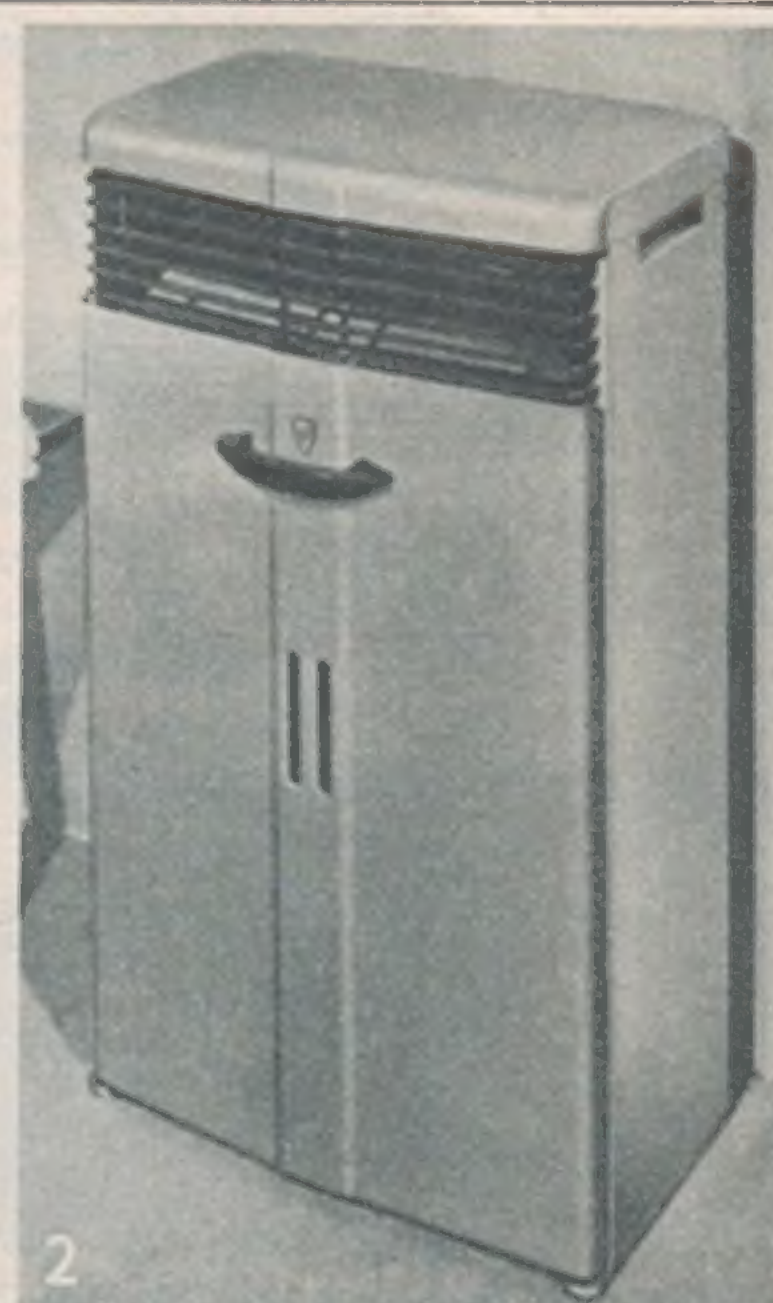
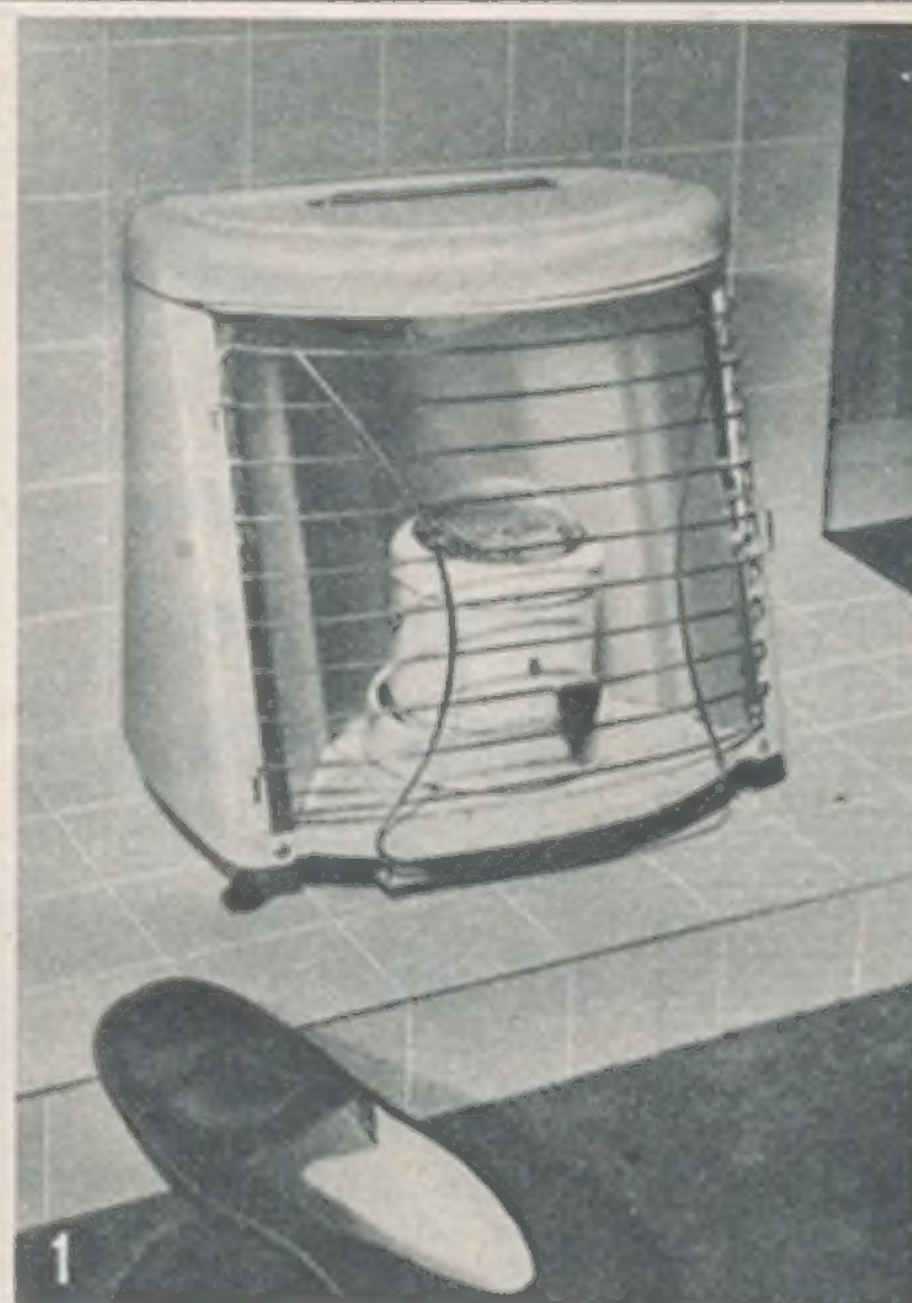
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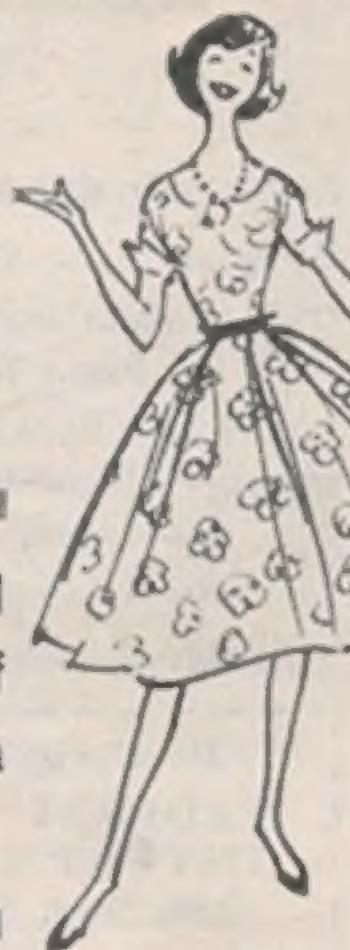


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**We
advise . . .**

MY daughter is now in New Zealand and I am prevented from visiting her because of the expense. Is working one's passage still possible? I have been told that some of the companies employ passengers in the children's nursery or ship's shops.—Mrs. A. M. M., Talgarth, Brecon.

● Female crew engaged in the sort of job you mention are expected to complete the round trip, and single journeys cannot be made by this means.

It seems that nowadays it is wellnigh impossible to work a passage on any of the major sea routes.

NO MORE DUTY

MY husband died recently and left me a small income and a bungalow which was a joint property. The estate is now being wound up and death duties paid. I wish to sell the bungalow. Can I do so without having to meet another claim for extra death duties?—Mrs. E. M., London, N.9.

● If you sell the bungalow for a higher price than the value declared for probate, you may be assessed for increased estate duty. It is usual for the estate duty office to re-assess within two or three years, but there is no statutory limit.

END OF A JOB

IF someone is engaged by a firm as a clerk and is found to be unsatisfactory at the end of a week, is he entitled to a full week's notice, or can he be dismissed immediately?—H. B. H., Herne Bay, Kent.

● If the employer engaged the clerk unconditionally, he would be entitled to a full week's notice or a week's wages.

If the week was a trial he could dismiss him at the end without notice.

NO STAIN CLAIM

MY wife was travelling to church by bus. When she arose to get off she found stains on her fawn frock. These were caused by blackberries, which someone else had obviously left on the

seat. The conductor was immediately informed and told my wife to get in touch with the bus company. They have now repudiated all liability. Local cleaners say that it is impossible to remove the stains. Can we claim anything?—T. T., Swansea.

● Unless the conductor was aware or could have reasonably made himself aware that there were blackberries on the seat, the company could not be held liable for the damage.

COPPER BARGAIN

RECENTLY I noticed a friend looking at the dates on all the pennies which she had. The reason, she said, was that 1936 pennies are scarce and valuable. Is this correct?—F. H., Ruislip, Middlesex.

● The idea that 1936 pennies are "scarce and valuable" has probably arisen from the fact that, although they bear the name and head of King George V, they were struck during the reign of King Edward VIII.

A 1936 penny in mint condition is worth about 1s. to a coin collector.

ALL WIRED UP

MY house is at the edge of a new private housing estate and was the last to be occupied. Those there first had telephones installed before I took possession, and now the wires that cross my land in front of and behind my house

walls and large areas price 7s. 6d. From ironmongers and decorating stores. By Lee & James, Ltd., Brush Works, Bridgton, Cannock, Staffs.

Worth Noting

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► **New jelly-paint brush:** An oval head, and bristles which are slightly shorter than those of an ordinary paint brush, are the special features of the "Jelbrush Agellator," a brush specially designed for applying jel paints. The new shape allows pressure on the centre of the brush, thereby producing an overall spread of paint to the sides of the brush as well.

Any possibility of spray is eliminated. There are three sizes of brush to choose from, the small one suitable for window frames, jambs, beadings and corners at 3s. 9d.; the medium size for doors and skirtings price 5s. 9d.; the large size for

► **Safety tip:** Do you always remember to buy flame-resistant fabrics for making up into young children's clothes? Where night attire is concerned, close-fitting pyjamas are safer than full-fitting nightdresses, as there is less possibility of trailing hemlines touching unguarded fires.

► **Mattress for baby:** For the smallest member of the family, a Noddy Cot mattress with open-type springs, specially tensioned to give resilience under small weight bodies.

The ticking is patterned with Enid Blyton characters, and eyelets in the sides ensure correct ventilation to the interior. This mattress measures 4ft. by 2 ft. and costs 59s. 6d. By Somnus.

► **Bath safety seat:** Designed to meet the needs of those who find it difficult

are most unsightly and I wonder if I can force the G.P.O. to remove them.—B. B., Notts.

● The Postmaster-General has statutory powers to place and maintain telephone wires across private land. If the consent of the owner or occupier is not given within two months, the matter is referred to a special tribunal.

You must apply to the Post Office Telegraph Engineering department to have the wires removed.

SOFT TOY TAXES

WOULD home-made toys, sold direct by an individual to shops or to friends, be subject to purchase tax? My mother has made a number of soft toys, total value about £20, and wishes to dispose of them without going through any formalities.—Miss I. N. M., Paignton, Devon.

● Under the Purchase Tax (reduction of registration limit) Order of the Treasury, 1941, your mother would not be liable to register, unless the annual sales of the goods exceeded £500.

In the circumstances you state, there is nothing to prevent her from selling these toys without purchase tax.

EVICITION PLOT

SINCE the war I have rented an allotment from a local farmer, as have a number of other people. We have now been given a year's notice to quit. It seems that he has contracted to sell the land for housing development. What is our position? Must the farmer or the authorities find us alternative ground?—F. E. D., Stanway, Essex.

● As you have been given proper notice you can be compelled to do so, without the necessity for alternative allotments.

Under the Allotments Act 1922 (section 2), compensation for crops and manure would be payable if the tenancy were terminated by the landlord between April 6 and September 29, but not otherwise.

OPEN HOUSE

WE are hoping to start an old people's social club in our village. The membership fee would be 2s. 6d. a year, and the club would provide recreation once a fortnight for about two hours. Must we register this club under the Charities Act, or in any other way? No intoxicating liquid will be sold.—J. H. S., Templecombe, Somerset.

● There is no registration required for this kind of club, provided no intoxicants are sold.

ABANDONED PROPERTY

NEAR my home there is an old house which has been left to fall to pieces. Windows and frames have been knocked out, doors have been forced, and now stonework is falling out. The owner has been asked several times to do something, but never does. The house is so near the road that falling masonry may very well hit someone. I have been told that nothing can be done, as this is private property, but surely the danger

involved can be remedied? — Mrs. J. B. K., Mitcheldean, Glos.

● In these circumstances your local council could order the owner to demolish the house. If he refused to do so they could demolish it and charge the expense to him.

They can also compel him to render the building safe, and to get action on this you should inform your local public health authority.

MARKETPLACE WIFE

HAVING rented a market stall and paid three months' rent in advance, I was persuaded by the landlord to sign a contract for twelve months. My husband is very annoyed at this and says that he cannot be held responsible if I cannot afford the rent or have to vacate the stall for any reason. What is the legal position?—Mrs. V. K., Blackley, Manchester, 9.

● If you are in business on your own account and your husband is not a partner, he will have no legal liability for your debts.

As you have contracted to rent the stall for twelve months, you will be liable for rent for the whole period, whether you occupy the site or not.

A FAIR RATE

I MOVED into my present house on May 20 this year and have just received a rate demand for the half-year ending March, 1960, and also one for the half-year ending September, 1959. Can the local council claim rates for the half-year which has just ended, even if they failed to claim until the period has expired?—L. S., Horsforth, nr. Leeds, Yorks.

● The council has power to claim unpaid rates although the period has expired.

You are, however, liable for rates only from the date you first had beneficial occupation of the house.

You should see the rates officer and have the notice amended.

THREE IN THE SWIM

THREE of us—all adults—hired a rowing boat, but after a while found that it was leaking. We made every possible attempt to get back to the landing stage, but suddenly the boat went down. We were pulled out of the water. Can we claim damages for clothing which was ruined in the water?—N. Q., Marple, Cheshire.

● If you have evidence to show that the owner of the boat was aware, or could have reasonably made himself aware, that it was defective and therefore dangerous, he can be held liable for all actual loss suffered through his negligence.

It is probable that a claim would include the shock and discomfort you experienced, as well as the damage to the clothes.

If you cannot get an amicable settlement of your claim you should get a solicitor to deal with it.

to sit in their baths, either through age or infirmity, this safety seat is constructed of stout steel tubing welded at the joints and finished in chrome. The arms which grip the bath are covered with protective plastic and the removable seat is made of heavily compressed cork.

The standard size will fit baths which measure from 21 in.-23 in. in width, taking the measurement at a point 2 in. below the top rim of the bath. The safety seat has been tested to withstand a weight of 40 stones. Price 25s. By Charles Winn & Co., Ltd., Granville Street, Birmingham.

► **Anti-damp paint additive:** A paint additive, suitable for adding to conventional oil paints only, overcomes the difficulties of painting surfaces which suffer from surface damp or condensation.

The active ingredient called Stearine Amine is an effective water repellent, and when mixed with oil paint will displace any surface moisture as paint is

applied, allowing the moisture to evaporate with the solvents in the paint itself.

In consequence it makes painting in wet weather or highly humid weather a simple task. It is not suitable for painting surfaces where there is sodden damp or deep-rooted damp in porous materials, and it must be used with conventional oil paints. Oil paint with Romney Paint Additive added will take longer than normal to dry. A 4-oz. bottle (for one gallon of paint) sells at 7s. 6d. Made by H. M. Roemmele & Co., Ltd., 65 West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2. Available from Selros Agencies, 129 Church Street, London, N.16.

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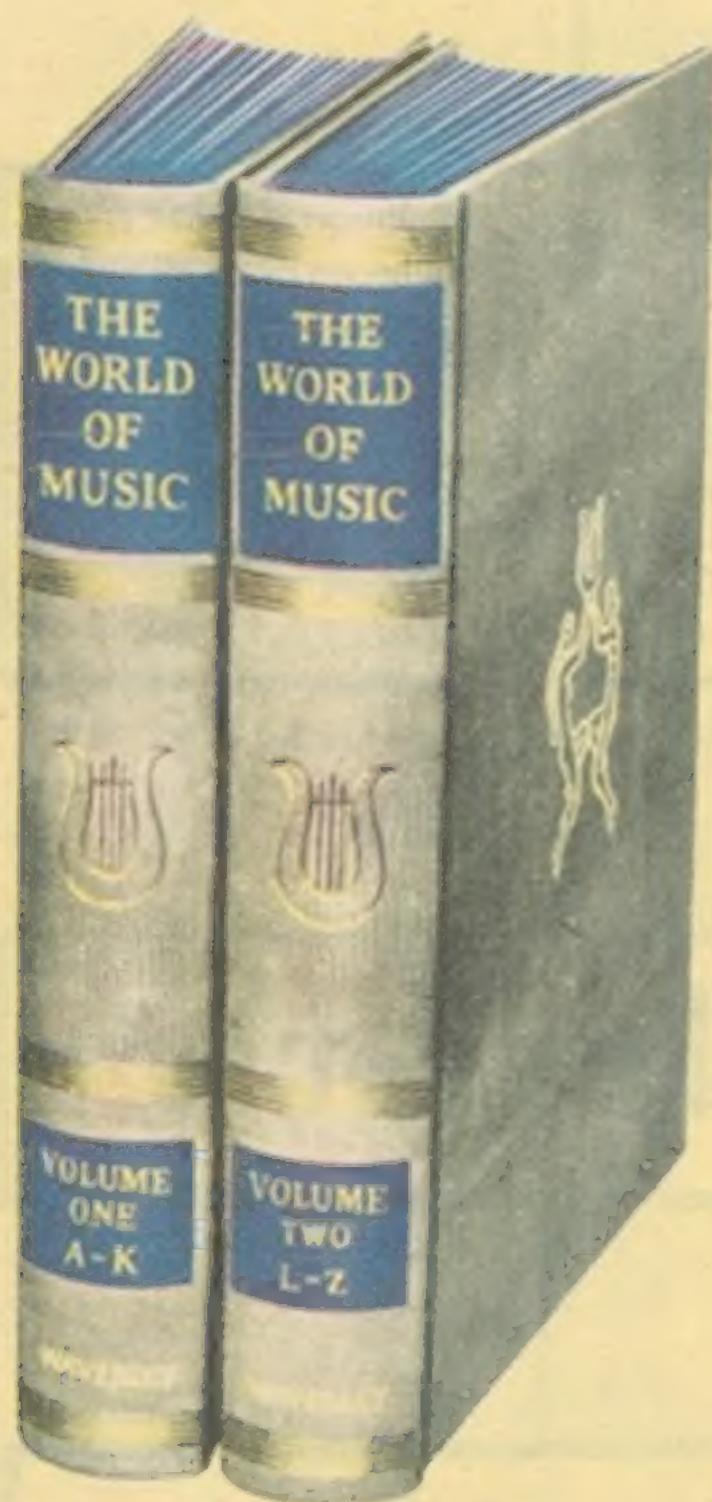
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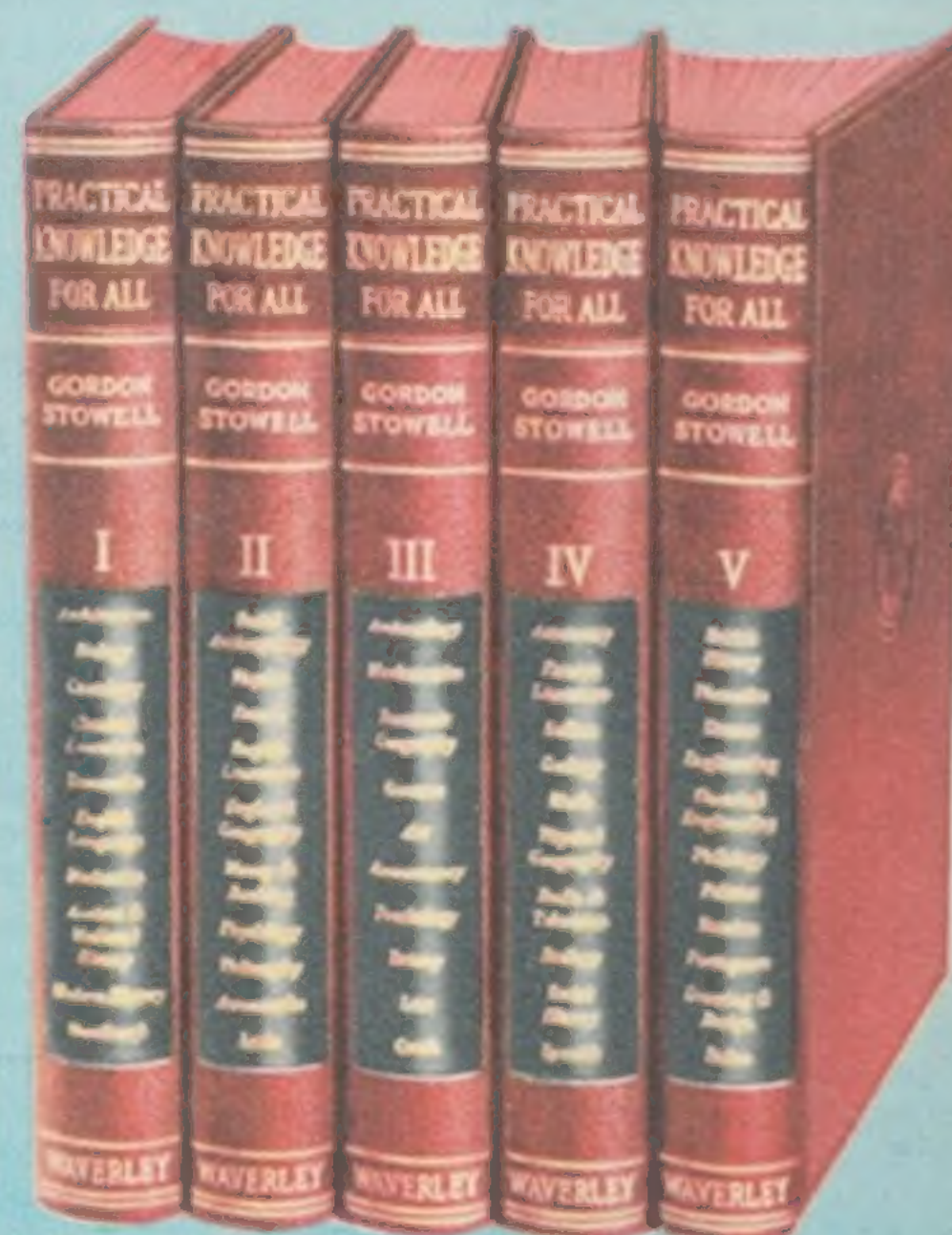
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